

え ろ ま ん が せ ん せ い

eromanga  
sensei

やまだえるふちやんとけつこん  
すべきじゅうのりゆう



山田エルフ  
ちゃんと  
結婚すべき  
十の理由

6

伏見つかさ  
イラスト  
かづゆき

電撃文庫

# Chapter one

Izumi Masamune. Sixteen years old. Second year, high school.

I'm a light novel author and a student.

My penname is Izumi Masamune. Basically, my real name.

For a lot of reasons, starting two years ago I have begun to live together with my hikikomori little sister.

While we live under the same roof, there was a time when we barely saw each other. I could only watch in frustration, unable to change the situation while cooking meals for her daily.

A year ago, I had a breakthrough. By chance, I found out about her second identity.

My illustrator, Eromanga-sensei. The co-worker that I haven't meet before.

She is also my little sister, Izumi Sagiri.

A girl who enjoys making live video streams, enjoys talking with her fans.

An illustrator who enjoys erotic drawings, with enough skill to make others seek her out.

That is Eromanga-sensei, who's also my hikikomori little sister, who never goes outside, who never speaks to anyone.

It was a surprise for me. But it was also a chance. A chance for me to close the gap between me and my little sister.

Aside from living together, we aren't that much different from two strangers – well, we are co-workers, at least.

And...many things happened.

She slowly let me into *the locked room*.

She slowly made new friend. She found out that I liked her from the first look.

We had a new novel. It got a manga adaption.

Even my aunt, Kyouka-san opened her heart to me. My little sister also said that someday, she wants to “go out”, wants to “go to school”.

Also, my goal – which is to “become a normal pair of siblings” with Sagiri —

**“..... I, I like you”**

**“As a little sister”.**

**“Nii-san, you want to be a real brother to me, don’t you?”**

**“Real brothers and sisters can’t love each other, right?”**

**“So, I like you as a little sister”**

Well, it encountered some obstacles, but at least our lives returned to normal already.

Anyway, the recent test in April changed Sagiri. Probably for the better. Hopefully.

Now it was an April morning. I was sleeping soundly —

“Phew — phew —”

— Nii-san, over here.

I was with my angelic little sister, playing in the flower garden.

— Ehehe, Nii-san. This way, this way —

A pure smile. Pure white clothes. Two cute angelic wings.

— I like Nii-san the most ♥

We were playing happily.

If you ignored everything I was about to say, that is.

A distance away, under a big apple tree was a demonic ruffian who looked exactly like Yamada Elf-sensei. She was glaring at me.

— Tch, Masamune. Happily my ass!

Every few minutes, amoeba-like tentacles came out of her and swept the

ground, taking a large batch of grass and leaves to eat.

— Grass tastes so good —

The sound of her chewing sounded like it was coming from hunger demon.

Later, I realized that the weird part was probably because Elf made a salad earlier. Really, it was rude for me to dream of her that way, but I couldn't exactly help it.

“Um....um”

I rolled over in my sleep.

“...Nii..”

“.... Un...wait.... eating....”

“Nii-san, wake up.”

“Yah...my angel...whispering in my ears....”

“—Nii-san.”

? My cheek felt a bit of pressure. And in my dream, my angel kissed me.

“Wh—?”

It felt so real that I woke up. Opening my eyes, I came face to face with my angel.

“...Ah, you're up.”

“Sa, Sagiri?”

I unconsciously checked my cheek. I could still feel something ... Could it be?

My face was getting hotter, but my little sister only tilted her head in confusion.

“I poked you.... did it hurt?”

“No, not really.”

I thought you were giving me a morning kiss!

I sighed, then suddenly, the unusual part of the situation hit me.

“You...you...how....”

“How.... what?” She cutely tilted her head.

“Hmm? Am I...dreaming?”

I couldn't think of anything. A big hikikomori like Sagiri came out of *the locked room*...and appeared in my room.

Noticing that I was staring, Sagiri said “um”, and patted my shoulder, and said in embarrassment:

“... Hungry...meal....”

She said that and quickly left the room. I could only blankly look after her, muttering to myself.

“...Yeah...she...could come out of her room now....”

It's not like her hikikomori status has been fixed.... but due to my aunt's test, she has improved.

Even if I was at home, she could come out of her room now.

I must add that now, Sagiri “could run to her room anytime”. The condition that said “alone is safe” is no longer true, but she couldn't stand too many people too long, even with her friends.

Like some kind of main character who could only fight properly for three minutes or so.

“Who is 「safe person」in your dictionary?”

I once asked her that question. After a moment of hesitation, she answered:

“... Like...you.”

“Me? Anyone else? Elf? Megumi?”

“..... That....”

“?”

“..... It's a secret.”

Why did she have to keep it a secret?

Anyway, since I'm counted as 「safe」, so even if I was home there is a chance that she could come out. I wanted to know what the odds of that are.

Deep down, I hope that this situation would continue.

However, there were new problems in my daily life...

For example, while I was working...suddenly I felt that someone was watching me. The moment I turned back —

“.....”

The door quickly closed. I might have seen a shadow.

“..... Did I imagine it?”

The first time could be a mistake. But it repeats itself several times.

Like when I was making a meal....and the moment I turned —

“Ya!”

A small shadow sneakily run away.

“.....What is she doing?”

There was a time when I just finished bathing and still fully naked — when I looked aside by happenstance and I saw someone.

“Who’s there!?”

“!”

\*Thud thud thud\* That person tried to run away.

Hm, who could that be?

“Stop right here!”

Still naked, I rushed after that person. “She” turned around, “wah” in surprise then fell down. Of course, it was Sagiri.

I quickly ran to her:

“Are you okay, Sagiri?”

“Clothes! Put some clothes on! Now!”

She shut her eyes close and yelled. I ignored her and put my hand on her shoulders:

“It’s not the time! Let me help you get up first!”

If this was anime, then it's time to break out the Inukami-style treatment.

"You, you did it on purpose didn't you! Nii-san is a pervert!"

"You have no right to say that! Peeping tom! Ero-sensei!"

"I don't know anyone with that name!"

Of course, we finished with a family meeting.

"Really....! Unacceptable! Nii-san! You dare to show me.... that weird thing! Pervert! What if I get a nightmare?"

"You have no right to say that! I AM the one who who will have nightmares!"

It's now 19:00. Inside *the locked room*, my little sister (via headphone) I and were having a heated debate.

"Nii-san is an idiot! Pervert! Hentai!"

"Those words suited you more than me! Ero-imouto! Peeping tom!"

"I did not! I just saw you by chance!"

"By chance? Does opening the door to peak at my ass count as "by chance"?"

"How, how could you said that! I can't believe it!"

"So, you go in circle when you are at a disadvantage? Where did you learn that from? Was it your instinct?"

Is it just me, or do all girls have that instinct?

"You shouldn't think that by ignoring me, I will forget this problem."

"... Kuh."

She closed her eyes, and gritted her teeth.

"Good. Now tell me the truth! Why did you secretly peek at me? Did you really want to look at my ass that much?"

"No!"

*I hope so, too.*

"So why then?"

“... Because...because...”

“Because?”

She blushed, looked down, muttered:

“... because I could go outside now.”

“Yes? What?”

“I could go outside now...so I practiced doing thing that I couldn't before...”

Wait a second....?

“So basically, since you can go outside now, you began to sexually harass me? You wanted to do that before, so you decided to do that now?”

“No...no...it's not like that.”

Sagiri hastily waved her hand, and explained:

“... I just wanted ...to see you.... cooking...sleeping...”

“Yes?”

Nope, I don't understand a bit. Why would she want to watch me do that? Let me think...

“Ah! I got it!”

“!”

Suddenly, I knew. Sagiri blushed madly, trying to stop me from talking.

“You wanted to watch me to get drawing references, didn't you?”

“.....Yes?” She blinked, clearly surprised.

“Well, my next volume does include a lot of males taking a bath.”

“.....?”

“Eromanga-sensei will not draw something that she hasn't seen before – so you secretly peeked at me for that scene.”

“!”

Sagiri startled, then pointed a finger at me.

“Yes yes! That’s right! Reference!”

“I knew it!”

“And....so....to get references.... even if it was Nii-san’s ugly behind.... I still need to see...so....” She said with a displeased expression.

*Do you have to say it like that?*

“So, do you need me to strip now?”

I said while putting my hand on my pants. Sagiri quickly stopped me.

“No no – there is no need! No need for that anymore! I got it! I already got references! You don’t have to strip!”

“Is that so?”

“Yes yes! I got enough! It’s over now!”

Thus, our family meeting end absurdly. I was fine anyway, so I changed the topic:

“Now, you can go out if I’m the only one in the house, right?”

“Yes.”

I rarely got a chance to talk with her, I need to take advantages of this.

“...there is something I wanted to do with you, especially now when you can go out...”

“Gm? Sagiri glanced at me “What’s that? Tell me?”

“Let’s take a bath together!”

“\_\_\_\_\_”

\*Thud\* She punched my nose!

“I hate you! Hate you! Hate you!”

Sagiri.... how should I put it...steam was coming out of her ears...so cute...?

I was covering my face while trying to explain myself “It was a joke! A joke!!”

“It hurt so much.... why are you getting angry for...it was clearly a joke...”?

“If, if I said yes, then you wouldn’t say it was a joke!”

“Of course.”

“Idiot! Pervert!”

Hey, teasing my little sister felt better than expected. I pushed on:

“A normal pair of siblings would take a bath together.”

“You, you mean siblings in a romantic light novel?”

“No no no! Even a normal pair of siblings can take a bath together, it’s very normal.”

“Only if they are small!”

“How old do you think you are?”

She covered her chest, glared at me, and pouted:

“I, I’m in my second year of middle school. I’m an adult now!”

Nah, a real adult wouldn’t have added “I’m an adult” at the end. And there is no way such an adult would be this cute.

“Recently, some idol admitted that they still took a bath with her older brother until they were in middle school.... Anyway, you might not know it but people don’t find it strange anymore.”

“Hm, I bet it’s their trick to show off. They said they took a bath with their elder brother, but I bet the truth is they took a bath with their younger brother.”

*Wow, I didn’t expect her to know that.*

“Hah...okay...it can’t be helped ...I’ll have to drop 「Take a bath with my little sister」 then.”

“...Of course. And what’s wrong with you, you didn’t seem to mind.”

“... Just a swimsuit is fine....”

“Shut up! That’s even worse.”

Yeah, “taking a bath with my little sister” might have passed as safe, but adding a “swimsuit” is firmly in the realm of the pervert.

“Next – the second part of 「What I wanted to do with you together, especially

when you can go outside now J.”

“.....”

Sagiri shot me an ice-cold glare.

“Can you please stop looking at me like that? This time, I’m serious.”

“I knew it. You were just fooling around before.”

Heh, so she found out?

“So? Will you eat meals with me from now on Sagiri?”

Since the day she began to come out of her room, I had hoped for this. The only reason I didn’t ask sooner was because so many things happened.

Eating together. Sitting side by side at the dining table, laughing with other – we were like that in the past, but not anymore — our family could barely function anymore.

Hearing that, Sagiri looked startled, and she blinked before blushing.

“..... Oh..... everyday.... together.....”

“Yes. Together.”

“Together....”

She looked down, embarrassed.

Did I say something wrong? It was a logical request, wasn’t it?

Sagiri (still blushing madly) asked me:

“Nii, Nii-san.... what do you mean?”

“What else could I mean? Isn’t it clear enough? I want to eat meals together every day.... our family always did that when our parents were alive.”

To tell the truth, my father didn’t actually care much for that, but after Kyouka-san gave him a lecture, he relented.

“So.... let’s eat together from now on? That is all I ask.”

I only want to feel the atmosphere of a family again...

“... Ah.... Hm....is that so?”

Hearing that, Sagiri looked both happy and discontented. She pouted for a moment, which make me unable to guess what was she thinking.

“What do you think I mean?”

“... Who cares.”

She turned away...that means she is making a fuss again.

I scratched my head and asked again:

“So...how about my suggestion?”

“Rejected.” She immediately replied.

“W, why?”

“... I’m embarrassed.”

Well, I can somewhat accept that.

“I see.”

I didn’t want to force her or anything. Its regrettable, but it’s not like I couldn’t accept this.

She looked down, and muttered:

“... It won’t be that way for long.”

A few days later, I meet Kagurazaka-san at the editor department.

“Izumi-sensei, actually today I have something important to tell you.”

“Important? Crap, was the anime project canceled?”

I immediacy stood up. She broke into laughter, damn it!

“Wrong! Too bad – it’s not related to the anime project. Our company has an event this month, I’d like you to join.”

“...Phew...”

I sighed, and took a breath to calm myself down, and then asked:

“*Spring event*.... wait...you mean the autograph event?”

You guys might still remember.... last year, thanks to this event, I found out the truth about Eromanga-sensei.”

In short, this event is planned every year in Ikebukuro by our publishing company. I received a notice about it a few months ago, so I’m not exactly surprised.

Still...

“Yes, the autograph event is part of it, but not really.” Kagurazaka-san said “I really need Izumi-sensei to go on stage.”

“Wait? Stage?”

I couldn’t help but stare in surprise.

“Yes. It was a bit of a rush, but it’s my boss’s fault, not me. I wanted to increase marketing for **Sekaimo**, but my boss is so unreasonable, he didn’t even notice me until it was too late! Sorry for deciding it without telling you! Anyway.... it’s all my boss’s fault, you hear? I’m angry too! I can’t forgive him... after I have tried so hard....! ~ Izumi-sensei, you understand what I’m trying to say, right? Forget about my boss, your editor Kagurazaka is not at fault here.”

Yeah, that’s how she is. Never accepting her responsibilities if someone forced their opinion on her.

“Well, I only understand a little bit. So – what do you have in mind?”

“Clang clang ! The best solution to market **Sekaimo** ~ I planned to have a special program for this spring event.”

“Hm ~ hm ~”

Well, sounds good to me. I didn’t like the fact that she decided on it without asking me, but it’s a chance to promote my novel, go on stage and earn more fans at the same time.

“I said *goes to stage*, but all you have to do is take part in a talk show – just tell the audience what’s on your mind – basically that.”

“Could it be .... it’s about the anime project? You wanted me to tell them that at the event?”

“Nope.”

.... Is that so...

“Forget the anime project, I don’t think a preview is even planned.”

“Un ~”

“So, I wanted to ask Eromanga-sensei for some illustration.”

“Sure sure.”

“Actually, all of them were finished already.”

“... I know absolutely nothing about that.”

I don’t even know anything about this.

“She probably didn’t tell you – anyway, now I need to plan some cosplay clothing for that event. We will need some cute girls too.”

“That’s good.”

Cute girls? Eromanga-sensei will definitely like it.

Yeah, I didn’t pay enough attention. That’s actually a good idea.

“The main focus of the talk show, is answering fan’s question, telling them some behind the scenes secrets.... like that.”

“So, you wanted me to tell them about my achievements?”

“Yes! The main topic is *Share your feeling with the readers*. What do you think, Izumi-sensei?”

Not bad. Just like an autograph event, it’s a chance to meet my readers, a chance to promote my novel. I don’t know much about either, but ...it feels good to make my fans happy.

“Just tell me if there is anything I can do for help. Frankly speaking, I don’t know anything about that, but for my fans, and...”

For my dream! For our dream!

I accepted. Kagurazaka-san gave me her hand with a smile:

“I knew that Izumi-sensei would say that.”

I shook her hand.

“Yes! Let’s make it a success. Just tell me what you need me to do.”

“I planned to have a huge advertisement board which read *The secret behind the stage – Eromanga-sensei is a beautiful girl!*. Can you please tell her that for me?”

“Are you crazy??”

I let go of her hand. Our time together was so short.

What were you thinking...no, really, what were you thinking?

“It’s impossible! It’s not like you don’t know Eromanga-sensei’s situation!”

“Yup, I know.”

So what’s with your I-don’t-care expression?

“So you must know that Eromanga-sensei will definitely not take part in it! I can say for sure that she will **NOT** show her face.”

# **“Rejected huh? Please reconsider it. I’m the hammer and the anvil myself.”**

Kagurazaka-san quietly added:

“Anyway, the plan is set in motion! There are dozens – no, hundreds of professional employees already working on it! This spring event isn’t only for you, we planned to promote many other works! Even if Izumi-sensei says no, what can you do if the others said yes?”

Is she for real? I don’t like to be left out one bit!

And what can I do now....

“Kagurazaka-san, how could you do it to me!? I can’t believe it!”

For now, I will borrow my little sister’s favorite tactic, dodging the question to buy myself some time.

“It’s all for Izumi-sensei! I’m always your editor, your partner!”

Tch...not very effective! She immediately countered my statement.

Kagurazaka-san waved a finger, and continued:

“Recently, a lot of novel illustrator show themselves, then everything turns out okay.”

“... You mean Army-sensei. So, what about that example?”

“I meant, all’s well that ends well, isn’t it? I wanted to do that again. Eromanga-sensei is a cute girl, don’t you agree? While she might not be able to talk properly, but just her appearance would be enough! Don’t you think that your little sister can’t be famous?”

“Well.... of course, my little sister is cute. Army-sensei is a cute girl too, but still not as cute as Sagiri.”

“So please, convince Sagiri-chan for me, okay?”

“I already said no! You can try all you want, no means no!”

“So stubborn. Normally Izumi-sensei would yield already.”

“Yeah, what a pity.”

Normally, I might have already surrendered. But if it involved Sagiri, then I need to keep an absolute foundation.

“Mwu.... I see.... Sagiri-chan is a hikikomori...I see.... then it can't be help, Izumi-sensei. But I already told you, the advertisement board for this event has already included 「Eromanga-sensei will take part」. It's impossible to change that now.”

“.....”

“I know what you are about to say – but let me finish first. I say again: the advertisement board for this event has already included 「Eromanga-sensei will take part」. It's impossible to change that now.”

Ah —-

I finally understood what she was trying to say.... damn it all....

“... So that means?”

Kagurazaka-san happily laughed:

“So let's prepare a wonderful setting for Eromanga-sensei's appearance!”

.... What should I do?

It's clear how impossible this task it! Open deception. Eromanga-sensei will take part? I don't think that this is a good idea?

Eromanga-sensei herself will never agree.

Maybe I was thinking too much, but I felt that doing so wasn't the right idea. But Kagurazaka-san was right, opinion didn't matter anymore when everything had been decided.

Also...I knew it's all for my novel. As long as it's for my readers, I would do it no matter what. Eromanga-sensei too – if she appeared, the readers will be happy, my novel would become more famous, we had a better chance of getting an anime adaption.

Should I reluctantly agree? Or should I refuse at all cost?

“Hmmmmm.....”

No matter what I chose, better to tell Eromanga-sensei first.

I left the editorial department and went home, and headed straight to *the locked room*.

After listening to my explanation, Eromanga-sensei thinks about it for a moment before answering:

“... A...appearing...impossible.”

She closed her eyes and paled. I quickly said:

“I understand! Let me refuse them! But... I still need to deal with advertisements ...”

Hearing I mentioned Kagurazaka-san’s suggestion, Sagiri didn’t say anything for a while

“Ummmmmmmmmmmm....”

Then she asked me again:

“Nii-san, do you want to do it? This...event, I meant.”

“Of course. But I will say no if that’s what you want.”

While readers and my novel are important, there are more important things at stake here.

Sagiri muttered “Is that so” before continuing:

“While.... I don’t want to...but let’s try it.”

“A try? You mean give that event a try?”

“Yes. You can.... find someone to take my place....to take Eromanga-sensei’s place....as long as that person doesn’t betray us....as long as that person wouldn’t say anything strange...as long as that person is trustworthy....”

“Ack....”

Hey, this solution sounds good!

If I want to find someone to pretend to be Eromanga-sensei, that person must be very trustworthy. Otherwise we will eventually have to explain everything again.

That person shouldn't be too prideful, should know how to keep their mouth shut – so it's clear that money couldn't help me find someone like that.

“Un...I think.... that person need to ...talk to the readers in my place.... care for them....in my place.”

That's to keep our dream pure and untainted.

Sagiri's condition was sound, I can accept that.

“But...when can we find someone like that?”

“Mwwu....”

“Not to mention that in order to capture the reader's attention, that person must be super cute. There is no one as cute as Sagiri in the world. And even if there is someone like that, I doubt that person would satisfy the other conditions.”

I noticed that at this point, Sagiri had already blushed madly and looked down.

“What's wrong?”

“Who cares! I hate you!”

“Are you okay...?”

“I said I hate you! And....”

“And?”

“You...have to pick someone...with big breasts to take my place.”

“Eh?”

What are you talking about? Is now the time to talk about that?

“Are you really okay? Eromanga-sensei with big breast? What if I couldn't hold it and broke into laughter on the stage, during the talk show?”

“You, how could you.....!”

She got mad and hit me with her tablet.

“It hurt! It really hurt! Sorry! But, I think now wasn’t the time to care for such pride.”

“What do you mean 「vainglory」? I...I meant, it’s okay if my image and my real self are different.”

Liar. You clearly want everyone to think that Eromanga-sensei = big breasts.

“Still....it might be possible to find someone who is similar to Sagiri...”

If I based my search on this.... can it be done?

A cute girl or a young lady, trustworthy, mature....

“... How about Elf-chan?”

“She’s cute and trustworthy.... but her mouth.... she would probably blab....”

“...I see.”

If Elf were here, she would definitely be mad though.

“...That meant Army-chan is out too...what about Muramasa-chan?”

“Muramasa-senpai is trustworthy, cute, big breasts...indeed, but her way of talking is too formal, everyone can see that she is a high-class lady who had little real life experience. If she was caught off guard and panicked, everything will be ruined. Not to mention that she didn’t even care about her own anime.”

Normally, it’s the author’s duty and right to be present at that kind of event.

“What about...Megumi-chan?”

“Megumi? Yeah, trustworthy, cute, good at speaking...but she has a big mouth, it’s likely that she will add unnecessary details. Not to mention that she is kind of a famous person in Akarawa, asking her to take part in this kind of event is a bit....”

“... Mwu.”

Sagiri hung her head in silence.

Anyway —

Someone Eromanga-sensei could trust – that wasn't an easy requirement. In the end, it all depended on luck.

“So – what now?”

Among those persons I just heard, the best one would be Megumi...right?

Wait...wait...there was.... I think I might have another idea...

A cute girl or a beautiful woman, trustworthy, mature....

“...Something wrong?”

I ignored Sagiri, and tried to recall my memories...

“... There is no one as cute as Sagiri in the world...”

Is that really the case?

Let's try to remember once more.

“Why do I have the feeling that I was missing something? I clearly have never meet someone as cute as Sagiri before on television... but I think that I have seen that person somewhere.... Did I? They why didn't I fall in love with that person? Where did I see her? Here? At home? When...?”

“Nii, nii-san?”

“ -- Yes! I know!”

“Eh?”

I rushed out of *the locked room* and run to the first floor – to my parent's room. My hand run through the bookshelf, trying to find it.

“It should be — right here!”

I took “it” and brought it to Sagiri.

“Sagiri!”

“Nii, Nii-san? I thought...something is off.”

“Don't worry, come! Take a look, you will be surprised!”

Clang!

I opened what I just grabbed– my family’s album – and showed her  
“\_\_”

Eromanga-sensei, the pervert illustrator saw “that picture”, breathless.

“This – this is!!!”

A cute appearance, similar to Sagiri.

An elementary school uniform.

That was a picture of a cute tsundere little sister, who was slightly smiling next to her brother.



April had come. In the Akihabara Belle Salle hall, the spring event will be held, which included the talk show of Izumi Masamune.

“Izumi-sensei, Eromanga-sensei – thank you for coming today. It’s today’s newspaper, have you taken a look yet?”

At the first basement floor’s living room. Kagurazaka-san was telling me and Eromanga-sensei about today’s schedule. I sat next to Eromanga-sensei, in front of Kagurazaka-san. There were only three of us in the room

Both me and Eromanga-sensei turned to the newspaper and saw a short preview of this event. Kagurazaka-san happily continued:

“Around 10 o’clock, both of you will take part in the autograph event for *The Cutest Little Sister in the World* at the first basement floor. Any question so far?”

With a \*swoosh\*, the suit-wearing Eromanga-sensei raised her hand.

“Please go ahead, Eromanga-sensei.”

“.....Is it really necessary to call me by that name already?”

“Fufufu, I think that we better try as soon as possible, don’t you agree?”

Today, Kagurazaka-san wore light clothing, which is suitable for moving around a lot. Since the beginning, she had a beaming smile on her face. On contrast, Eromanga-sensei was emitting a dark aura.

Of course, that person wasn’t Sagiri, it wasn’t the real Eromanga-sensei.

Suit wearing. Sharp eyes. Mature body.

Her eyes which could freeze everything, the “Ice Queen”

My only remaining blood-related family.

My guardian. Izumi Kyouka.

“... Okay, Kagurazaka-san. I will not join the autograph event but the talk show, is that right?”

“Yes! I planned to let Eromanga-sensei take part in the autograph – but it will probably reveal the truth so it can’t be helped.”

So, we decided that this time, only I, Izumi Masamune, will do the autograph event. Eromanga-sensei had already signed a lot, we only need to give the people her signature.

Maybe some readers won't be satisfied, but there is nothing I can do. Sorry, I'm really sorry.

"Then it's okay. Please continue."

"Then —"

Kagurazaka-san took out two small earpieces and placed them on the table.

"Please put these on."

"For what?"

*"So that my voice could reach the audience — that was what Eromanga-sensei said."*

"...So that child could speak her opinions during the event, correct?"

And not only Kyouka-san, even I could hear her suggestion too.

"That's right ♪"

"... Got it."

Eromanga-sensei sighed heavily. I turned to her and bowed.

"Thank you very much, Kyouka-san. Thank you for helping me."

"It's okay. It's normal to ask an adult for help, there is no need to be shy."

Trustworthy. Will not betray us no matter what. Mature. Careful. Girl. As beautiful as Sagiri.

Kyouka-san is the one who satisfied all condition to play the role of Eromanga-sensei.

Long ago, I thought that she was my "enemy".

Since I was small, I thought that she hated me.

I feared that someday, she will force the hikikomori Sagiri out of her room.

But —

*“Sagiri has tried her best”*

All of that was my one-side misunderstanding...but it has been for too long, so now I still couldn't exactly get rid of my habit.

I really wanted to treat Kyouka-san like my family, I really thought that it would be wonderful if we would be like a real family, but I still couldn't.

Deep down, I still feared that she will do something to Sagiri.... even though I knew that it could never happen, I couldn't get rid of the thought.

“I even feel happy to help you two.”

Her voice suddenly felt a lot warmer.

I truly hope so. Then —

It's time to get spoiled!

I knew it's a child's way, but hey, today I can get spoiled \ all I wanted. If everything went well....

I hoped that she and I...could become family.

Then I could tell her everything between me and my little sister. I could even ask her to take care of Eromanga-sensei for me!

Yes.... exactly like that...

“Kyouka-san...I...I have something to ask.”

“Masamune-kun, go ahead. Just say it. I'm your guardian.”

Then I'm saying it.

“Please, be Eromanga-sensei for one day!”

“—————”

Wow, Kyouka-san looks like a Demon King!

“What....do you meant? Are you...asking me....to draw ero manga?”

“No no, I'm not asking you to be a model for ero manga!”

“I, I knew that! Just a moment of distraction!”

I tried to resist the dreadful aura from her, explained:

“Anyway, I want to ask you to take Sagiri’s place as Eromanga-sensei and take part in an event.”

“...I see....is that so....”

After hearing me out, Kyouka-san’s eyes firmly locked on me.

But she wasn’t angry – or so I hoped.

“Aha...ahahaha.....ahhhhhahahaha”

Please don’t do that, aunt! You are laughing, but your eyes said otherwise!

“In short, you are asking a weak and tiny woman like me to face hundreds of otakus, right?”

Eh? Tiny? Weak? Who?

“You want to ask a person who is easily embarrassed like me to come to the stage and announce **I AM EROMANGA-SENSEI**, do you?”

Yup!

“And you ask me to take Sagiri’s drawing – the one with girls in revealing clothing – and tell the audience *This is my drawing*, don’t you?”

“Yes! I have been thinking for a while, I can’t ask anyone but you for this role!”

“.....”

“You’re my only remaining family I could ask! Please, I beg you!”

I begged her with all my heart!

But —

She sighed heavily:

“I don’t think it’s going to be okay, Masamune-kun...The truth is, I’m not suitable to speak with a crowd. I’m in my twenties, but I have made people misunderstand me many times. They feared me, hated me – even including my own nephew.”

The atmosphere – it felt like I was being given a lecture by my parents.

While Kyouka-san was not angry, I feared that she would refused.

But what she said surprised me.

“If I go in Sagiri’s place, I fear that I will terrify your fans.”

She was thinking of us.

“If you can accept it, then I will go.”

She sincerely accepted our request. Just like an older sister.

The scene returned to today.

After confirming our plan, the atmosphere became somewhat breathable. We were just waiting in silence.

Kagurazaka-san suddenly put her cup down and told Kyouka-san.

“Right right, I almost forgot. There is something important. Eromanga-sensei had an important request this time – “

“What is it?”

“You have to put on a special uniform on the stage.”

“... Yes?”

“This one!”

Taka!

Kagurazaka-san took out a skirt and dress. That was the uniform used in *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*. It was the same one used in some illustrations.

By the way, when she drew that illustration, her erotic side erupted, thus the uniform ended up very short and revealed the belly button.

“——”\*2

There was a note from Eromanga-sensei came with it, which said ——

**“I want to see Kyouka-chan in cute cosplay clothing!”**

“Pffffffffffffffffffff!!! Cough, cough!!”

All of that coffee I drank ended up on my editor’s face.

Oh my god! Sagiri you didn’t tell me anything about this!!

“Sagiri! What are you thinking! And this is .... just perverted!”

I grabbed the tablet on my hand and nearly bellowed to my little sister

She just tilted her head to the side.

“Nii-san, what are you talking about?”

“Stop playing dumb! What did you prepare for Kagurazaka-san?”

“Ah, that?” She grinned “I want to see it once.”

“I want to see it once ♪ my ass!!”

Damn, she is cute!

I glanced at my aunt and Kagurazaka-san.

“What? Wh, wh, wh, why do I have to wear it!?”

She was blushing madly in anger. On the other hand, Kagurazaka-san looked like she was enjoying herself.

“Like ~ I ~ said ♪ Eromanga-sensei made that request ~ and the main reason of this talk show is to announce that *Eromanga-sensei is a beautiful girl*. I want you to wear that on the stage too!”

“Beau...beautiful.... why did no one tell me that?”

“Ah ah ~ that must be Izumi-sensei’s fault.”

Crap! Now I’m the guilty one?

I turned to Sagiri!

“It’s no use to argue now! Everything was because of your cosplay bomb! What are you trying to do? Paying her back for trying to drag you out of the room before?”

“No no! I just want to see Kyouka-chan cosplay! It’s going to be good!”

“Really? Since when are you so determined?”

You even called her Kyouka-chan now instead of Kyouka-sama.

“...And...it would look good in a photo...normally Kyouka-chan is cute...but she always left her face plain...”

Kagurazaka-san added at the same time:

“See? Sagiri-chan said so too! Come on, wear it! Come on!”

“But...but....!”

“By the way, this character has twin tails, so you should make sure your hair is the same. Come on.”

“I, I’m in my twenties...”

“It’s alright! No problem! As long as the hair style is good, age won’t be a problem.”

Kagurazaka-san pointed at a nearby screen, which was showing the scene outside.

“See, this girl is older than you, but she is cosplaying twin tail. She is from the 「Cute Voice Actress」 magazine.”

“She...she did that because it was her job...if age and hair style is not going to be a problem, then why didn’t Kagurazaka-san cosplay?”

“Ehehe, it was embarrassing.”

“~~~~~ I really hate you now.”

Kagurazaka-san is good, she totally owned Kyouka-san. I was laughing my ass off.

“Izumi-sensei, come and help me convince your aunt.”

“No thanks.”

She’ll kill me.

Sagiri added:

“...I think that twin tails suit Kyouka-chan. See, just like in this picture!”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!”

Kyouka-san yelled, her voice the the same volume as an Indominus Rex (~TL Note~ Indominus Rex: man-made dinosaurs, appeared on the movie Jurassic Park 4. [http://jurassicpark.wikia.com/wiki/Indominus\\_rex~TL](http://jurassicpark.wikia.com/wiki/Indominus_rex~TL) Note~)

“Where did you get that?”

“That” is a picture taken from when Kyouka-san was small. Even Kagurazaka-san was surprised.

“Wow wow wow wow wow! Who, who is that? Who is that cute girl?”

“Kyouka-san in middle school. Super cute, right?”

“C...cute...!”

When she was small, “ice queen” truly was an equal to Sagiri. There were some small changes later, but her charm didn’t change much.

Of course, whether the twin tail suited her or not is another question.

Kyouka-san waved her hand, annoyed:

“Stop! Stop it at once! Masamune-kun...you...what are you saying...Sagiri too! Take it back!”

“Nope.”

“What?”

“Nii-san and I...have decided that we will ask you to spoil us this time.”

“\_\_\_\_\_”

Kyouka-san’s eyes widened, then her gaze immediately fixed on me.

Under her ice-cold glare, I barely managed to answer:

“Well...actually...we think that...if you spoil us this time.... we may close our gap...so....”

Anyway, Eromanga-sensei, you really overdid it this time. Your idea is purely born from eroticism. I have no idea what you’re thinking.

“I...I...see....”

Kyouka-san breathed out, and relaxed. With some hesitation, she looked at the cosplay clothes, then her picture, and then me...

“Fine, just do whatever you want. I’ll spoil you. That was what I said anyway....”

While she was still blushing, but that means...

“...Okay, I will put this on.”

Really?

I didn’t expect her to accept...

Belle Salle Akihabara, First basement floor.

It’s time for our show.

“Welcome all to the stage of *The Cutest Little Sister in the World*.”

The chair woman was my editor, Ayame Kagurazaka. She also had her hair in twin tails.

The guests were the original author, Izumi Masamune and Eromanga-sensei. I sat on the right seat, the other two on the left.

Kyouka-san played Eromanga-sensei’s role, but not exactly well. In front of the stage, there were numerous people in the audience. My chest hurt just from seeing that.

Wow ~ so many people are here...

While not all of them were here because of us – the stage was used more than once, so it’s understandable, but I still felt thankful for them.

From the stage, I looked over the audience.

Ah! This man over there looks familiar! That guy too, I’ve seen him before.

Anyway, I rarely got a chance to meet my fans, so I do remember ones that I have met. Sorry if you feel uncomfortable because of that, I was trying. Just enjoy yourself, okay?

Oh right, the brat Megumi figured out my real identity! I will teach you a lesson if you dare come this time!

“Ya, Izumi!!”

“Go, Izumi-kun!”

“Ahaha ~ Masamune, we are here!”

Suddenly, some light novel authors cheered for me.

Wow, there they are! All of them too! I was so embarrassed!

Kusanagi-senpai, Shidou-kun, Elf...and Muramasa-senpai too.

By the way, after our show was Pure Love’s talk show by Kusanagi-senpai.

And the main topic of this event is about the light novel Fantasy Demon Blade Legend of Muramasa-senpai...of course, it’s another matter whether she took part in it or not, seeing that she didn’t care about that at all. I bet that she was here for me.

Still, it would be a lie if I said I wasn’t nervous. My editor said that it was not about an anime project, but what if she lied? What if she tricked me in order to hide the news?

I still had a chance! My heart was racing! Even if I knew the odds were low!

“And today, aside from the author Izumi Masamune ~~ we have another guest ♪ ~ Illustrator Eromanga-sensei!!”

The crowd cheered! With a stiff movement, I turned toward the stage’s entrance.

“Today, luckily we invited someone who was a mystery – Eromanga-sensei!! Everyone! Are you prepared to be surprised!??”

YEAHHHHH ~~ The crowd roared.

“Then ♪ Please come innnnnnnnnn ~ Eromanga-sensei!!”

Just when the master of ceremonies said that —

Kyouka-san appeared in a sailor uniform, with a naked belly button.

At that moment, everyone froze.

“Hahhhhhhhhh!????”

“Ehhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh?”

”~~~~~!!!!???”

“—————”

No one said anything.

...Ah...I knew it would turn out this way.

The last time Eromanga-sensei showed herself in the showdown, no one knew that she was a cute girl (sorry, but I don't dare to use the word beautiful here)

And Kagurazaka-san intentionally kept it a secret, because 「 a semi-hidden secret made it better at drawing attention 」. Thus, most of the audience here thought that Eromanga-sensei was a male, just like me before. Most of them thought that Eromanga-sensei was “a perverted hentai-loving old man”. No one could have imagined that she is such a cute girl.

“.....”

Just like Kagurazaka-san predicted, the crowd went absolutely silent.

Elf's expression meant “Hah ~ So that's your solution ~ you used it that way huh”

Muramasa-senpai's meant “It's none of my business”

Shidou-kun's eyes widened, he looked like he wanted to say “So he's not gay?”

Lastly, Kusanagi-senpai looked terrified. He was saying stuff like “Ridiculous....at your age....”, but just one glare from my aunt shut him up.

On the stage, Eromanga-sensei (Kyouka-san in cosplay clothing) went to the middle area, and turned around. The audience also began to mutter among themselves.

She blushed slightly, and bowed:

“... Pleased to meet you, everyone.”

Then she raised her head.

“I am Eromanga-sensei.”

“—————”



must be her worst embarrassment.

“Eromanga! Eromanga!!”

“Eromanga! Eromanga!!”

Later, this event was hailed as “the legendary self-introduction”. Now though, Kyouka-san (in a short sailor uniform with a revealed belly button) looked like she was about to cry.

“Eromanga! Eromanga!!”

“Eromanga! Eromanga!!”

“Eromanga! Eromanga!!”

“Eromanga! Eromanga!!”

“Eromanga! Eromanga!!”

“Eromanga! Eromanga!!”

During that time, all I could do was pray “please be over fast, please be over fast” and “please don’t kill me later, auntie.”

Finally, everything quieted down. Eromanga-sensei – Kyouka-san sat down, her HP nearly depleted.

“...Ah.... hah.... hahaha.... ah....”

It looked like she was at her limit.

Of course, aside from me, who was sitting next to her, no one realized anything. My aunt always hid her emotion, so it was kind of helpful.

Both she and I were using earbuds. The voice of Sagiri came to us.

《I’m reading in live! There are so many comments! Everyone is praising us!》

~TL Note~ In this chapter, Sagiri’s voice will be marked with 《 and 》~TL Note~

*I don’t think so. What are you watching?*

《Ehehe, they said Eromanga-sensei is cute...I like it》

*They meant Kyouka-san is cute, not you.*

《Good good. We can beat Army-chan's video at this rate》

*So that's why you picked that cosplay outfit?*

《... Of course, the most important things is our dream.》

*This girl...she knew that I am about to say*

《 Anyway...it's going well 》

Right

Thanks to Kyouka-san, everyone was fired up. At least everything is going well.

《 Cough cough 》

Sagiri coughed, then returned to her Eromanga-sensei tone.

《 Kyouka-san, make sure to answer like I said. Otherwise they will find out immediately. 》

“.....”

My aunt nodded slightly. She was still trying to help us now. Thank you, thank you very much, Kyouka-san.

“Alright, everyone! Are you surprised with Eromanga-sensei ♪?” Miss MC asked

It looked like while she was also surprised, she recovered fast enough. As expected of a pro.

“Now, continue on our talk show! First is about the novel.”

The big screen lightened up, the first volume cover page appeared

“Editor-san, plesae.”

“Thank you. Now, about our novel —“

Kagurazaka-san happily talked about my novel. She introduced some main topics, characters, setting, current status like that there were three volumes already, and the next one would be available in June 10<sup>th</sup>.

“—So, I’m looking forward to seeing you all in June.”

“Thank you, Kagurazaka-san! Thank you for letting us know ~ looks like I can’t afford to not buy it. Next then ~ it is here! Tada!”

The screen changed. Another illustration appeared as the background, with the title above.

“Eromanga-sensei’s Q&A session.”

“Now, we will take turn asking Eromanga-sensei questions! She will answer all of them!” Kagurazaka-san explained.

Many “ah ~ I see” came from the audience. Really, they only acted together at times like this.

By the day, even I didn’t know what the questions would be. Kagurazaka-san didn’t tell me anything, so we will have to play it by ear.

“Then let’s begin! ♪ Are you ready, Eromanga-sensei ~”

“Ready” Kyouka-san said with a hint of nervous

“Then our first question, tada ♪!”

A big question appeared on the screen.

“Why did Eromanga-sensei hide her true face until now?”

Toward this question, Eromanga-sensei Sagiri’s answer (via Kyouka-san) was:

“Because my face is scary.”

She dared to tell my aunt to say that?!

Saying that, Kyouka-san made a scary face (on Sagiri’s order too) and continued:

“Since I’m not good at talking.... my expression is stiff; thus I must put on a mask in order to not scare people.... I’m not angry or anything, don’t worry about it.”

“Good!”

That’s a good start!

“.....”

Kyouka-san gritted her teeth and said her answer.

“Then the next question – tada! ♪”

The screen flashed and changed the question

“Eromanga-sensei once said that *I don't want to draw something I haven't seen, right?*”

“Co...correct.”

“Then —“

With a click, the cover page of volume 3 Sekaimo appeared – with the picture of the female lead in swimsuit.

“Then did you see this erotic swimsuit yourself?”

“Yes...yes...”

“Ara ara? So, does that mean you had a model?”

Hearing that, Sagiri firmly replied:

《I wore it myself》

*Eh... eh.... Sagiri?*

《I got an elementary swimsuit, wore it myself and drew it!》

*Hey wait! Eromanga-sensei !!!!*

What you just said sounds cool, just imagine it would bring a smile to a boy's face – but you're asking Kyouka-san, who is in her twenties – to say she wore an elementary swimsuit? Don't you know that this is an elementary swimsuit....? an elementary swimsuit!!!

“.....”

“Eromanga-sensei? Who was your model again?”

“..... Kuh!”

Without anyway to back off, Kyouka-san finally made up her mind. She opened her eyes, straightened her back, and firmly answered:

“I was the model!”

“Yes?”

“I, I said that I wore that elementary swimsuit myself and drew it by looking at a mirror!”

“For real!?”

Oh, my hero.

“Wahhhhhhhhh!!?”

“Sen...sensei!!!”

“But...didn’t it sound perverted?”

*Click click click*“Hurry up and send it to everyone online” *Click click click*

Once again, Kyouka-san’s answer caused chaos to run through the audience.

Everyone must be surprised – just imagine a girl in elementary swimsuit looking at a mirror....

“...I...I...see.... what a .... firm determination....”

Even Miss MC sounded full of surprise.

On the other hand, Kyouka-san gritted her teeth, blushed furiously, and continued:

“Next – next question please!”

“Yes yes!”

It looked like Miss MC noticed something in her voice.

“Then we will ask someone in here for the next question!”

“Ask whatever you want!”

While Kyouka-san nearly had her eyes slammed shut, I could hear her unspoken words “I have come this far, I don’t care what happens next anyway”.

“Anyone with question for Eromanga-sensei, raise your hand please!”

“Me ~!!” “Me me!!”

Many hands shot up. Miss MC picked one at random.

“Please, the one with glasses over here”

“Then...my question...is there something you want to have now?”

A girl asked a simple answer. Hearing that, Kyouka-san breathed a sigh of relieve.

Sagiri’s answer was:

《 “It is a book that I wanted to use as a reference for drawing. It was no longer selling, so I couldn’t buy it anymore.” 》

“What is that book’s name?”

“Pantsu encyclopedia!”

*Eromanga-sensei!! Do you have to be THAT honest?*

*Look how embarrassed Kyouka-san is....*

Miss MC was embarrassed too, she said:

“I, I see. As expected of Eromanga-sensei!”

“As expected” my ass!? Oh well, at least she kept the show running.

“Then – next, the one over there please. Your question is?”

“Yes – I want to ask about this illustration! When you drew this, is there any part of it that you like the most or that felt memorable?”

This is a normal question, suitable for this show.

《 Hmm.... memorable...》

Sagiri hesitated for a moment then directed Kyouka-san. At the same time, Miss MC urged:

“Please, Eromanga-sensei ♪”

“Um, the part I like most is the belly button! This part was a bit unusual, so I picked it on purpose! Of course, the most memorable part is the one between skirt and stocking. (~TL Note~ Also known as Zettai Ryouiki.

<http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/ZettaiRyouiki>). Seeing it half-hidden makes people long for it!” ~TL Note~

*You asked my aunt to say that in such clothing? I knew it, you are the most perverted little sister ever!*

Of course, the one who was hit the hardest was Kyouka-san.

“Then the curve from the back to the ass! While you can’t see it, actually that was the best part, please look carefully – er, what did you ask me to do?”

The sudden question was because a request from Sagiri.

《Kyouka-san, go to the middle of the stage and make a turn. 》

“Yes?”

Since Kyouka-san reaction toward Sagiri’s request was too sudden, people was startled too.

“Eh, Eromanga-sensei—??”

“..... Wh.....what did you say....”

However, Kyouka-san was busy talking with Sagiri and didn’t pay attention.

《Go to the middle of the stage and make a turn. Show everyone the best spot of my clothing! 》

“... Do...do I really have to?”

《 Yes! The real Eromanga-sensei will do that ... immediately》

“.....”

Kyouka-san stayed silent for a while...then gritted her teeth.

“Fine! Whatever you say!”

She stood up, and went to the middle of the stage. The clothes that Eromanga-sensei designed was revealed for everyone to see.

Yahhhhhhhh!! The crowd went nuts again.

Suddenly, a voice shouted:

“Use Eromanga Flash!!”

“...Huh?”

While she was making an ass-revealing pose, hearing the question made Kyouka-san paused, puzzled.

“Me too! I want to see Eromanga Flash too!!”

Someone else agreed.

Miss MC turned to Kyouka-san:

“..... What is Eromanga Flash?”

“.....”

Of course, Kyouka-san didn't know. All she could do was stand there blushing.

Kagurazaka-san quickly explained:

“Let me handle it! Eromanga Flash is the special skill that Eromanga-sensei used to beat Eromanga-sensei the Great! That was the brilliant light that helps illustrator draw the best erotic illustrations!”

*Really?*

“Ah....so.... how it is exactly anyway?”

“Using it here would be very complicated, so it's better to let Eromanga-sensei shout her name – and make a pose again!”

“Eh? Eh?”

Hearing that stupid request, it pained me to even look at Kyouka-san. I could never imagine that I could see her that way. Kagurazaka-san laughed happily, and coldly said:

“Come on, Eromanga-sensei! Do it!”

*.... Please don't*

*Even Miss MC didn't dare to ask. What was I thinking, asking my aunt for this??*

Even Sagiri couldn't stand it:

《 This..... Kyouka-chan.... do not have to.... 》

“..... It's fine...I prepared myself.... don't look down on me.”

《Kyouka-chan? 》

In her revealing clothes, Kyouka-san slowly stood up, took a deep breath...

“Eromanga Flash!!!!”



Finally, after everything was over.

We rested in a room on the same floor, Kyouka-san was sitting here, and nearly gave up the ghost.

“.....Masamune-kun”

“Yes?”

“...How was it? Did I...do well?”

“You did! Sagiri was crying in happiness.”

“I see.... that’s good....”

She closed her eyes again, said nothing.

Seeing how tired she was, there was only a few things I could say to my only remaining blood-related family:

“.....Really, thank you very much.”

I thanked her from the bottom of my heart.

The talk show had ended.

Our dream took another step forward.

But it wasn’t just our dream.

Maybe today would become an important memory for us.

We, brother and sister, once again, being a family.

# Chapter 2

第二章



During the talk show for “The cutest little sister in the world” at Akihabara, it was the first time Eromanga-sensei showed herself.

In the same day, at a room inside Akihabara, I was eating with my co-worker.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

“Hm, I hope much more people will know about my new novel.”

A blond haired man in spring clothes answered me. He was my junior, Kunimitsu Shidou. Next to him and Kusanagi-senpai.

When I left the stage, I saw Elf and Muramasa-senpai too, but I went with these two instead because of “something important among men”.

“Thank you very much. All because of everyone’s effort.”

I said. That was the truth anyway, I didn’t do much. The talk show success because Eromanga-sensei (or rather, because of my aunt, Kyouka-san)

“So...what is this *important among men* that you spoke of?”

I got a real bad feeling, so I asked Kusanagi-senpai while mentally prepared.

“Well,...it was about Kunimitsu.”

“About Shidou-kun?”

I repeated after him then turned to Shidou-kun.

Normally he looked like a bright young man, but today his shoulder dropped, and his head hung low. Now that I had a closer look, his expression was terrible. Did he not get a good sleep or something?

“Actually, recently....I felt really tired.”

“Tired? So you got a writer’s block?”

“It’s not like I couldn’t write anything, but the progress is too slow. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t do it...” He sighed.

“I was writing, but suddenly I found myself searching for *How to raise motivation* and my novel didn’t get even a single word longer!”

Wow wow wow!

This was quite normal for people working at home, I bet most of us had that

at some point.

“If I were you, I’d go get some sleep.”

Sleep for a few hours and take a bath – while you might not recover to your top condition, at least it will renew your motivation. Useful in both work and study.

Hearing my suggestion, Shidou-kun shook his head.

“Even after I took a sleep, nothing changed at all. I couldn’t write...then slowly, I couldn’t image how I wrote a novel before...so it turned into many sleepless nights.”

“Hah, so the situation was quite serious. Did something happen?”

I didn’t think that there was anything I could do, but at least I should try.

“There was a lot...Do you remember when I participated in *World Light novel tournament*?”

“Yeah, so?”

*World Light novel tournament*

It was originally meant to be a tournament for a new author, but because a big shot novelist almost ruined it all, so in the end someone who is neither newbie nor famous ended up winning. A much messed up event (among newbies anyway).

“At the time, my work could have been *become a novelist* if I continued to develop it.”

Back then, Elf said the same thing. She said Shidou-kun was still writing his series of short novels which he started with, that his story can warm people’s heart.

“For half a year later, I was trying to continue...but none were approved, I couldn’t do it.”

It was nothing unusual, but I couldn’t say it to him.

Well, if we couldn’t write, our income will be immediately affected. It was not a good thing.

That was one of the reasons Shidou-kun felt down. “Work not going well”.

“You said a lot, so that meant there were other reasons?”

“Yes.” He told me with teary eyes “Another reason...it was my bleeding heart since White Valentines...”

I didn't fully understand, but it looked like Shidou-kun likes my editor, Kagurazaka-san.

Some of you might have already forgotten, so allow me to say it again:

During the Valentine, I, together with Army and Shidou-kun, make that *Valentine battle plan*, which allowed Shidou-kun to receive chocolate from Kagurazaka-san (a friendly chocolate, I must say)

A month later, in White Valentine, Shidou-kun made his response in a form of a very impressive cake. But Kagurazaka-san ate it together with her (male) co-workers.

In other words, his feeling didn't reach a certain someone. His heart broken, Shidou-kun ended up a drunkard at my home.

The second the reason Shidou-kun felt down. “Love not going well”.

“I see. So that's why you felt down.”

“There was more!”

More?

He continued:

“Today, I planned to come here, to enter this spring event to change the mood...but I met a lot of new novelists, new authors. Many of them had a talk show, many of them looked so happy...I felt even worse. I have never received a single mail from my reader!”

He said, his head hung low like he could drop on the table at any moment.

Kusanagi-senpai laughed, said:

“You should've acted like me, using the resentment to fuel your work! Ah, congratulation, Izumi-sensei, **Sekaimo**'s sale have reached 100.000 copies! Clearly, someone at the bottom of the barrel like me couldn't compare with

you. Do you have a plan to animate it?”

“Ahahaha, who knows?”

So troublesome.

I have never reached that number before, so I had no idea how to handle it. Unlike Elf, I couldn't play it by ear. Thus all I could do was smile wryly.

Anyway —

The third the reason Shidou-kun felt down. “Compare to other novelists, my work is not going well”.

...That was basically it.

“Hah...I didn't have the energy to become jealous anymore...I could only drop down...”

Shidou-kun smiled blankly. Next to him, Kusanagi-senpai nodded.

“So just like you see here, I have talked with him many times before, but I couldn't stand it anymore. Izumi-kun, give us a hand.”

“Even if you said that....”

While I do want to help, I don't think that this is something I could do. I think it's something people have to do themselves.

For example, if Elf or Muramasa-senpai heard me saying something so depressing, I bet they will either make fun of me or scold me. That's their own way to help me to recover my spirit. So that I could fix the problem myself.

This is not something I could do. I felt that if I forced it, it might backfire.

Kusanagi-senpai turned to me:

“So, Izumi, this is your chance.”

“Chance? What can I do?”

“In order to help Kunimitsu, let's go to a group date.”

“Group date!?”

That wasn't something I expected Kusanagi-senpai to say.

Next to him, even Shidou-kun's eyes widened.

"Group date...you meant...well, with the same number of men and women, we began with a small talk and it will mark the beginning of a relationship..."

"Yes! If there was a beautiful girl with us, you might recover!"

Suddenly, with a \*sweep\*, Shidou-kun raised from the table.

"That's right! Last time Kusanagi-senpai brought me to a club, I felt very motivated!"

"I will say it beforehand; I will not drink with Kunimitsu."

"Wh, why? It was so fun! Although I didn't remember much!"

"Shut your trap! Anyway, I will not drink with you."

"Eh? Eh?"

Their relationship wasn't too bad.

Allow me to re-told you about this case. There was a time that, due to Shidou-kun's drunkenness, Kusanagi-senpai (together with me and Elf) had a memory none of us want to remember.

Kusanagi-senpai crossed his hand into an "X".

"This time, we have Izumi, who is still a minor, so no alcohol."

"Listen to me, Kusanagi-senpai, Shidou-kun. Can you please stop making a plan without asking me? I'm NOT going with your plan! I have someone I like!" I quickly countered, added "Beside, Shidou-kun has someone he likes too! Then why would you go with this plan anyway?"

"Well, you have a point..."

This junior looked like he would agree to anything.

Kusanagi-senpai smiled:

"Let me tell you what Kunimitsu thinking is. *My work is not going well. My love is not going well. Everything is not going well. It's not like I will give up on Kagurazaka-san, but it's a chance to meet a new girl. Even better if she is younger than me.*"

“I, I didn’t think that way!” Shidou-kun hastily corrected him.

“Really?”

“.....”

Facing Kusanagi-senpai’s eyes, Shidou-kun could do nothing but turn away.

Bullseye huh?

Kusanagi-senpai gently put his hand on Shidou-kun’s shoulder, turned to me:

“Even if there is someone you like, it’s not a problem to go to a group date. Don’t be so stubborn Izumi.”

“If you let your main character in a light novel said that, the readers will beat you into a bloody pulp.”

Recently, people began to demand at least some kind of mannerly in the main character.

Kusanagi-senpai shook his shoulder:

“Both me and Kunimitsu aren’t main characters in light novel anyway ~”

“I think it’s something normal people do.”

“I don’t care for your reason. None of us care, right Kunimitsu?”

“Eh...wh, what should I do...”

Crap. Shidou-kun is being affected by him.

Kusanagi-senpai slammed his fist on the table:

“Say, Izumi....the high schooler Izumi Masamune-sensei, isn’t you going to help your heartbroken junior? I only wanted to introduce him to some cute girls in place of an old woman!”

“Don’t call Kagurazaka-san an old woman!”

As expected of Shidou-kun, he immediately picked that line up. I followed:

“Wait a sec! What are you planning to make me do?”

“Introduce me to some high school girl.”

Kusanagi-senpai asked with a straight face.

Police! I'm gonna call the police to arrest you!

"How, how could I introduce my friend to someone who is so suspicious like you!"

"Suspicious? Where? We just wanted to have fun!"

"Liar!"

Hearing my firm refusal, Kusanagi-senpai took Shidou-kun's neck and pushed his face to me.

"Izumi! Look at how pure his eyes are! Is that something a person who constantly thinking about eroge can have?"

"I don't know whether he was thinking about eroge or not, but his eyes are clouded! Just like a dead fish!"

"Well, that mean he is pitiful, right?"

"...Can you please stop dragging me into this?"

Shidou-kun muttered. I averted my eyes from him and turned back to Kusanagi-senpai:

"What about you then? Can you introduce someone you know to him?"

"I don't know anyone who is pure enough to cure such young man. Only you could find a pure girl who is younger than him."

His word just now suddenly became serious, it made me suddenly felt some pressure.

"Joining a group date is going to give you many useful love references! It's such a golden chance; normally you could never have them."

"Kuh...Mwwu...."

If I could think clearly, I could see that his reason is very unrealistic. But at that time I was tricked and felt that what he said made sense.

"Good, Izumi – hurry up and go invite some cute girl to a group date! I bet it's going to be fun! We could help Kunimitsu! If you couldn't trust us, you are welcomed to come and watch over us!"

“Cute...girl...group date....”

“Yes yes! Cute girl! High school girl!”

“Please look for some innocent girls, Izumi-kun!”

Hey hey! Shidou-kun? Since when you tried to join in?

“If possible, please try to find a light novel girl!”

“If such a person exist, she would be an angel....where can I find someone like that?”

Oh, Shidou-kun sounded so strange today.

“Ah ~ are you going to lay your hand on your co-worker, Izumi-kun? It’s not something I could learn ~”

“You have no right to say that!”

Hurry up and tell me who do you like?

“Ah, that trip was so fun. Izumi-kun had a good time with two beautiful girls while I and Chris-san had to work...”

“What?”

It’s spring, yet you still remember something from last year’s summer?

“Izumi! You...can you act so heartlessly toward your junior? What a cold senior!”

Kusanagi-senpai, could you please stop faking surprise?

“To tell the truth, I think that Izumi-kun owed me one for stayed out of your way during that trip.”

“No no no, Shidou-kun. The trouble you brought for us after you were drunk equaled it out.”

“Eh? Did that happened?”

“Don’t tell me your forgot!”

Did he really not remember? Or he was faking it again?

Kusanagi-senpai said in a serious tone:

“He clearly didn’t remember.”

“Kuh!”

When Shidou-kun became drunk at my home, Kusanagi-senpai knew about that too.

“I have no idea what you two were talking about, but now is the time for me to demand Izumi-kun’s help for what you owed me. Introduce a pure girl who likes light novel for me.”

“I, I have never owed you anything...”

“Say it once more: a young girl, you heard? Young!”

“Don’t be mistaken, I only wanted a platonic friendship. Nothing more...just something to cure my heart...!”

Do you really want to talk to a high school girl **THAT** much? Weren’t you a high school student not long ago?

“Fine! Fine! I will try my best!”

I was coerced into doing that by both my junior and senior...

In the end, I agreed to their demand.

Next was the troublesome part... where can I find such a girl...?

The next week, in the classroom. I was lying down, unable to think of a solution when someone greeted me:

“Mune-kun, Mune-kun.”

That was my classmate, Takasago Tomoe. A beautiful long black hair. A well-endowed breast which nearly burst out of her uniform.

“Thank you for your hard work. I saw your talk show too.”

“Er...thanks.”

“I didn’t think that Eromanga-sensei is such a beautiful woman.”

“Ah...ahahaha...”

She wasn't the real one – of course, I couldn't tell her that.

Tomoe lowered her head, whispered to me:

“...Neh, is Eromanga-sensei the one you like, Mune-kun?”

“Eh....how should I put it....”

“Did I get it right?”

“Well, not exactly...”

Yes, I do like Eromanga-sensei. But not the Eromanga-sensei in the talk show, Kyouka-san. Tomoe's question wasn't something I could answer easily.

“Well, please don't ask about it anymore.” I forcefully cut this topic off

“Say....”

“Say?”

“.....”

“Is something wrong? Why are you looking at me?” Tomoe looked confused.

“Actually....for a lot of reasons, I'm looking for someone who fit some *conditions*.”

“Mwu, conditions?”

Seeing her puzzled look, I continued:

“Yeah. A cute young girl, who is pure, likes light novels and can easily get along with people.”

“Ah, are you talking about me.”

Tomoe laughed. Each bird loves to hear himself sing, they said. I knew she would answer like this.

“Well...actually....I do agree that Tomoe would fit those conditions....”

Still...how should I put it...

“...I, I was only joking, but you took it seriously. How sly.”

Now she was embarrassed.

“What exactly are you talking about?”

“A group date.”

“Eh?”

“I’m looking for a candidate for a group date – with me. That’s why I’m looking for girls who fit those conditions.”

“.....Hm.”

Suddenly I felt a chill running down my spine.

She was looking down on me, didn’t she?

“You said you have someone you like already ~ mwuuuuu.”

“Kuh!”

Kusanagi-senpai! Shidou-kun! Can’t you see!? A truly pure girl will **NOT** go to a group date!

“I, I can’t say no! My junior is feeling down lately —“

I hastily explained my situation to Tomoe. I made sure to tell her that this wasn’t anything strange, just a normal, friendly group date.

After hearing my explanation, Tomoe still looked displeased.

“What do you mean, friendly group date? I don’t get it.”

“In my junior’s words, that mean a meeting where everyone can enjoy themselves.”

“...Hm. That person sounded like a hikikomori.”

Yeah, that’s right.

Tomoe thought about it for a moment, and then she glared at me:

“Does the person you like know about this?”

“Who?”

“Like ~ I ~ said ~ does the people you like know about the fact you are going to a group date?”

“No, she doesn’t.”

“Hoh ~ I see.”

Tomoe crossed her hands in front of her chest, stared directly at me.

“Mune-kun ~ you have someone you like ~ but you still sneak to a group date ~”

“.....Yup.”

“What do you think about that?”

“Aghhhhh! I felt so guilty! I didn’t dare to look at her again!”

I couldn’t imagine how Shidou-kun could remain so calm. As expected of a professional hikikomori.

I couldn’t do it. I couldn’t do something so unfaithful in front of the one I like.

*“Is something wrong, Nii-san? Your stomach...hurt?”*

I could almost see Sagiri’s face in front of me. Crap, now my stomach is truly hurt.

I grabbed my head in despair. Tomoe looked at me with a serious expression, and then sighed.

“If you are so troubled by it, then refuse! Hurry hurry! You are so ~ uuuuuuuuseless !”

Saying it, she waited a moment before putting a hand on my shoulder

“Alright, ~ let me help you.”

I opened my eyes wide:

“Help me...are you saying that you are willing to go to that group date?”

“But....”

“That wasn’t what I meant. I meant I will help you to solve two of your problem: *I felt guilty for tricking the person I like by going into that group date and it’s troublesome to find such a girl.*”

“Can you do that?”

“First, to fix your feeling of guilt.”

“Yeah?”

“It still mostly depends on you. All I could do is giving you a little help. In the end, I don’t know what kind of person you like is, what kind of your relationship with her.”

That’s expected.

“Still, if I’m your girlfriend...”

“Um, if Tomoe is my girlfriend?”

Maybe because I was thinking too much, I replied with a slightly nervous tone. Tomoe blushed too.

“If, I mean if, okay?”

“Sure sure.”

“...Okay... \*cough cough\* ...If...if I’m your girlfriend...in this case...I’d hope you would tell me.”

“Tell you huh...”

“Yes. Just like you just explain to me. Like how a senior forced you into doing this to help another junior who is feeling down. Tell her everything. At least I’d understand that my boyfriend was only trying to help his junior.”

“But what if she got angry?”

“She will.”

See?

“Tomoe-san, what can I do in this case?”

I sincerely asked the innocent and pure Tomoe for her opinion.

With a quick motion, she pointed a finger at her face:

“Bribe her with a present.”

“I thought you are innocent and pure?”

“I’m innocent and pure! Listen carefully! Hear me, stupid Mune-kun! The iron rule when dealing with an angry girl is giving them presents.”

“Presents? Plural?”

“At least, give them something valuable.”

“And you said you are innocent and pure! Can you please make it like the one I like only in it for money?”

I repeated my earlier remark. Tomoe calmly spread her arms:

“In the end, I have no idea about the person you like. It’s not important about what kind of present if she like you ~ Do you know Mune-kun, if you hide your feeling inside your heart, it will never reach her.”

In other words, if my feeling doesn’t change into action, it’s meaningless. Thus, that’s why I need a present.

That was Tomoe’s solution.

“Do you understand? Explain to her everything. Then pick a present she likes. Please do that”

“Thank you! I feel so relieved now.”

I patted my chest, feeling at ease and thanked Tomoe.

“That’s good to hear. Oh right right – when you give her the present, make sure to say it like that.”

She grinned and made a cute pose:

“I like you the most.”

“I’m dead if I say that.”

“Eh? Why?”

“Oh ~ so it’s what your relationship like ~ I see I see!” Tomoe rolled her eyes.

“Anyway – I will give it a try!”

At least, I have some idea what can I buy for my little sister!

“And about my second problem!”

I cut off the current topic. Tomoe also didn’t seem to mind.

“Well ~ based on what you said, there is nothing dangerous about that group date, right? Can I trust you Mune-kun? Also, as a light novel fan, I’m more than happy to help a light novel author recover.”

Tomoe whispered something into my ear.

“Huh?”

“That hikikomori novelist wanted a girl who *likes light novels, innocent, pure and young*, right?”

“That’s correct.”

“Hm hm. I know some kid who is even better than that ~”

Tomoe laughed evilly.

The next Sunday.

Masamune’s household, living room. We decided to hold the group date here.

Why here you asked? Well, I will explain it now – or rather, I need to make something clear.

Why the situation turned into such a nightmare “Take part in a group date right below the one you like”?

I tried to hold back my tear, but everything was in place now. I could only try to get it over with.

Some boys and girls were sitting in the salon in front of me.

The boys included me – Izumi Masamune, Kunimitsu Shidou, and Kusanagi Ryouki. Three people in total.

The girls included —

“Jinno Megumi, 13 years old ~☆”

“...Natsume Aya....11 years old.”

“Shiratori Ageha! 8 years old!”



“.....” <- Kusanagi-senpai.

“.....” <- Shidou-kun.

Facing those girls who were smiling happily, all of us boys were deadly pale, nearly petrified.

Finally, Kusanagi-senpai put a hand on my shoulder:

“Izumi ~~ kun ~~! Can you go to the toilet with me?”

“My house’s toilet is single-person use only, senpai.”

“Be quiet. Come here, Kunimitsu.”

“Ouch, it hurts...do not pull.”

“I have to come too?”

Both I and Shidou-kun were forcefully pulled to the hallway.

At this time, Megumi happily pointed at us:

“Ah ~ I know. Next is your group date strategy session! Hm hm, go ahead ♪, it’s necessary if you wanted to success after all. Okay everyone, let’s hold a strategy session too ♥!”

What a big misunderstanding.

And...this conversation took place:

“From left to right, 70 points, 40 points, 10 points. What do you guys think?”

“Who do you want to take?”

“I’d like the one in the middle.”

“Is there something wrong with your eyes?”

Yup. Such a dirty conversation.

Of course, Megumi’s group was talking about us.

“Look, Kusanagi-senpai. Because of you, they have a bad impression of us!”

“Shut up.”

He closed the door to the living room and cornered me into a wall.

“Izumi...what the hell?”

“Stop acting dumb. What the hell with those girls?”

“Izumi-kun, you told me that you will introduce cute girls for me...”

I glanced at the living room, answered:

“I did like you requested. Cute, young girls – like you said.”

“Too young!”

“You found middle school girls and elementary school girls...!? Did we ask you to do that?”

“Wait wait...you two, don’t break my neck! It hurt!”

“You are just pretending to be stupid!”

“We asked you, a high school student because we hoped to meet a high school girl who likes light novels! Yet you...”

“That brat said she is only 8 years old!”

“She will become a high school girl ...in the future. Please think about it.”

“Now! What is important is ...NOW!”

“What can we do NOW? We have to endure this nightmare group date?”

“How about just having a little chat and enjoy yourselves?”

I tried to maintain my act “I don’t understand what your problem is”

“You are such...an idiot! A very big idiot! Do you think this doesn’t concern you?”

Seeing how I still refused to admit any ill-intent, Kusanagi-senpai was angry.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Now, even a brat has a smartphone. Even if she doesn’t know how dangerous the Internet is, but if you asked her to keep something a secret, she will happily broadcast it via SNS, will tell all of her friends! She will use Line, Instagram too —“

“And your point is?”

“Don’t you understand!? After today, what if they take a picture? Like how fast an image with the title “I’m going to a group date with light novel author ♥” will spread? This is hard evidence! We, in our twenties! They, mostly still in elementary school! The whole world will know!”

Kusanagi-senpai’s eyes became bloodshot.

“Err...I think you overreact....”

“Fool, I will give you a warning as your senior. You should prepare yourselves in the event of 「 All of my public information on the Internet was taken by an ill-intent third party, then used against me during my darkest hour 」。 Encryption, friend-only information and stuff have no meaning against them. I have received numerous nude image of light novel author, most of them I have never seen before – that was the proof. How do you plan to deal with that then?”

“I understand what you mean! Please stop giving me such a nightmare example!”

Internet is terrifying! Really terrifying!

Still, based on what he said, it’s equally dangerous if he goes to a group date with a high school girl.

“Then....what do you suggest to do now, Kusanagi-senpai?”

“I’m trying to think of something...wait a moment.”

Just the fact that he didn’t say “I’m going home” showed me how fearless he is.

We returned to the living room. The girls were waiting for us. We should tell them clearly the intent of the group date.

“You are ~ really slow ~ Onii-san ♪”

The one who just spoke in a sugar-like tone was none other than Jinno Megumi.

Thirteen years old. Sagiri’s class rep, also one of her friend.

Today, Megumi wore a spring coat and short skirt which showed off her healthy legs.

You probably have guessed, but all of the girls here are Megumi's friend. Tomoe asked Megumi to gather them.

Of course, they knew about us beforehand.

"...From Megumi, we knew that all of you are a light novel author."

The girl with glasses is Natsume Aya, eleven years old. She got a ribbon on her hair, which suited her normal skirt.

Based on what Megumi told me – "Aya-chan want to become a light novel author in the future!"

She also took part in some light novel contest – no wonder she looked a bit nervous.

"Please to meet you, Onii-chan!"

Just now, the one with a low voice was Shiratori Ageha, eight years old

She had light brown hair, wore a uniform that didn't look her age. A delicate look which promises a real beauty in the future.

Just like Megumi said – "Ageha-chan is the one who boys like most among my friends!"

To think that Megumi would say her friend was more famous than her among boys...

Well, she is cute, that's for sure....but "boys" that she spoke of probably meant "boys her age". At least I myself don't feel anything.

She was the third person in this group date, the trump card – well, I will explain later.

Megumi looked at us:

"Alright, now is your turn, Onii-san ♥"

That was a normal part of a group date...but

We (men) looked at each other and quickly held a conversation

(...I don't want to tell them my name)

(I don't want to be called a lolicon...I don't want to be called a lolicon...I don't want to be called a lolicon author...!?)

(...My pen name is already revealed....)

All of us knew the danger of revealing our real name and pen name.

We also knew it's meaningless to ask to keep this group date a secret.

“..Then I will start.”

Kusanagi-senpai raised his right hand without fear.

Well..what is he going to do...there isn't much he could do when the girls have already known about his job....almost none, in fact.

“Please tell us your pen name.”

Aya-chan was so nervous, like a fan attending a photograph event.

Here it comes!

She is going to ask him this!

**This Onii-chan, who look like Prince Noctis (TL Note: Prince Noctis Lucis Caelum is the main character of FF XV) – what kind of light novel he wrote – as a light novel fan, she must be dying to know.**

“.....Kuh...”

Both Kusanagi-senpai and I were backed into a corner. Megumi added insult to our injury:

“By the way ~ aside from your name, please tell us about your novel.”

Stop acting like a class rep, please!

Damn it, Kusanagi-senpai! What should we do now! Now we had nowhere to run, what can we do?

I gave the black-coat novelist next to me pleading eyes.

He answered with a straight face:

“Kadono Kouhei. My novel is Boogiepop series.” (TL Note: Boogiepop series is, indeed written by Kadono Kouhei. More available in [en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boogiepop\\_series](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Boogiepop_series))

“Huh...!?”

My eyes almost jumped out of its socket, I looked at Kusanagi-senpai in shock.

“..What, what are you talking about...”

I muttered weakly to myself. Kusanagi-senpai whispered back:

“Now, I’m pretending to be Kadono Kouhei-sensei.”

“No no no no no!

You are pretending to be someone else! And you shouldn’t even use that name! It’s too much of a risk!

Because Kusanagi-senpai used a very famous novelist’s name, Aya-chan made an “Ehhhhhhh?” sound of surprise. He took that time to give me an order.

“Hurry up and play along Izumi, this can’t help. I will not allow the group date between light novel author and elementary school girl become public knowledge. Don’t worry, everything will be fine.”

“If you succeed, Kadono Kouhei-sensei will be known as the one who goes to a group date with an elementary school girl, are you sure it’s going to be fine?”

“How could Kadono Kouhei-sensei be angry because of that. It’s Boogiepop, you know?”

What does Boogiepop have anything to do with this?

“And even if you faked it, she will know very soon – since you didn’t look remotely like the real one.”

“As long as I live through this, I will do anything...! It’s not like we will meet again! And I doubt this girl know the real one either! We might make it with some luck. Worse case, we could tell her that we don’t care if she believe us or not.”

“Listen to yourselves!”

That plan was full of holes.

“Cough cough cough cough..!”

Because of Kusanagi-senpai’s pen name, Aya-chan was very, very agitated.

“Is that...true? Can you please give me your signature!”

“He was lying. His pen name is Kusanagi Ryouki. His novel series wasn’t 「Boogiepop」 but 「Pure Love」”

“Izumi!”

Kusanagi-senpai stood up, but I ignored him.

“I’m Izumi Masamune.”

“I’m Kunimitsu Shidou.”

Shidou-kun said, giving up. I raised a hand toward Megumi:

“Sorry, Megumi. Can you please keep this group date a secret?”

“Of course ~ I promise.”

Megumi easily agreed to my request. She didn’t react at all when Kusanagi-senpai introduced with that fake name, too.

By the way, Ageha-chan was still unsure what is going on, she tilted her head in confusion.

“While Megumi sometimes made up details in the story, but she always kept her promise. The normal introduction should be fine.”

“...Really?”

Probably.

Anyway, after knowing that Sagiri is Eromanga-sensei, Megumi was keeping that a secret...so it’s going to be okay...right? While what Kusanagi-senpai said terrified me, at least I thought it’s better than lying outright.

I glanced at Megumi, she quickly put her hands on her face and acted embarrassed.

“Oh ~♥ I didn’t think that Onii-san trusts me that much ♪ I’m so happy ~~ My heart is racing!”

“Okay okay!”

...I think I should not mention that during our talk show, Megumi made up a lot of details.

“Anyway, it should be when we share a drink! Onii-chan, let me fill your cup with my love ~~”

“Hey, there is no need for that.”

After Megumi’s words, the group date officially began.

\*Thud Thud\*. The ceiling shook.

The shock just now meant “Tone it down”

“.....I have something to take care of, please make yourself at home.”

I stood up and left the living room, went toward the stairs.

“Crap...Sagiri...sounded like she was angry.”

As of now, I can notice her mood based on the sound alone.

Finally, I stood in front of *the locked room*. Maybe it was my imagination, but I thought I saw a dark aura filled with hatred coming out of the door.

“Crap.....”

And so, I entered and faced my angry little sister.

Now, allow me to tell you why I picked my house for this.

It was the third days after I spoke with Tomoe. After came back from school, inside *the locked room*, I had a conversation with Sagiri.

“...Nii-san, what is it? You said so serious that there is something you need...”

“...Before that, please take it.”

“What? Ah – this is—!!”

Sagiri happily took the book I gave her.

“This...this is....the godly book....”

“The 「*Pantsu encyclopedia*」which has long stopped printing!”

She raised it high, just like Link raised his master sword in the game. I could faintly hear the same sound.

“How, Nii-san! How could you get it?”

“I asked Tomoe to look for it, then we found it at an old bookstore. I bought it

yesterday. That's the one you wanted."

"Um, um!"

She nodded furiously, still holding that book. It'd be a very heartwarming scene, if you ignore the book title. My little sister was smiling happily

".....Thank you very much, Nii-san."

"You are welcome, Sagiri."

Ah....paying a lot of money for such erotic book was worth it...But I didn't expect the next thing Sagiri said:

"So, what is your fault this time?"

"Eh?"

"What is your fault this time...Nii-san?"

Sagiri asked, still smiling.

So she noticed huh.

Her smile immediately disappeared, she pouted:

"Say it. Hurry up. What did you do...so that you were trying to bribe me?"

"Even my little sister saw it that way?"

"I'll apologize if I'm wrong."

"You are not!"

"See!?"

Sagiri began to kick me, as if saying "I knew it". While it didn't hurt, she kept kicking me:

"Hurry up and tell me! \*kick\* Nii-san! \*kick\* "What did you \*kick\* do this time \*kick\* ....pew...pew..."

She was tired already. But it was so cute.

"Alright alright, I will tell you! But...listen to me, will you? After hearing the first part, you will be angry, but that was a misunderstanding because you only heard half of it. You have to let me finish."

“Don’t make an excuse. What did you do?”

“Well....this time...I want to go to that....”

“That? What’s that?”

“Group date.”

“W...what?”

“Group date.”

“.....”

“.....”

There was a long, uncomfortable silence between us.

“Sa, Sagiri?”

“Onii-sama....just now...I...I think I misheard you, I can’t understand you. Can you please repeat it clearer?”

“Wait wait, you are misunderstanding!”

A gentle smile plus high-class lady tone was so scary!

“Group date, I said group date. But friendly group date!”

“You are clearly just trying to make an excuse! Mwuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu ~~ I hate you, Nii-san!”

Crap! All of this was Shidou-kun’s fault.

Damn it, this damn hikikomori!

On the verge of a tear, I explained:

“I didn’t want to go to this group date! Shidou-kun was dumped by Kagurazaka-san, and there were many bad things happened to him, so he felt down, thus he dreamed to meet a high school girl! He was crying! And Kusanagi-senpai was on his knees begging me, I couldn’t...couldn’t say no! I could only accept their request! Please believe me!”

I told her everything. Sagiri pouted:

“...You want to...go to a group date with a high school girl?”

“No, not exactly that! After a discussion with Tomoe, I decided to not hold a normal group date, but a make-believe group date to help Kunimitsu recovered his spirit.”

“Make-believe?”

“And then I asked Tomoe, Megumi to help with finding girls.”

By the way, at this point, I have already received information about those girls from Tomoe and Megumi.

“Mwu, are you going to have a group date include Megumi-chan?”

“No, just a make-believe group date.”

“Even a make-believe group date...what’s different from it and a usual group date?”

“The girl’s age is not going to be appropriate.”

“Huh? How old are they?”

“There are going to be three girls, which are thirteen years old, eleven years old ...and....”

“And? What about the last one?”

“.....”

“Hurry up!”

Facing a pressure unlike Kyouka-san, all I could do was reply:

“Eight years old.”

“.....Eh? Once, say it once more.....”

“Eight years old.”

“.....You are the worse.”

There is an elder brother, who is being looked down by his little sister because he is going to go on a group date with an eight years old girl.

That brother is me, by the way.

“No no no! That’s the evil plan of the bookstore’s mistress!”

Sagiri's eyes began to get watery

"...I knew it...Nii-san is a lolicon."

"What do you mean, I knew it? Since when did such a rumor exist?"

"I don't care! Just let Izumi-sensei's next novel to be named 「Let's meet again at an elementary school 」!"

"How could I name a novel like that! In that situation, the main character who is working as a teacher can not hope to keep his life —! Wait wait wait! I'll say it again, I'm not a lolicon! I ask you where that question came from!"

"...Because...because...Nii-san...said...you like me...."

"Kuh...."

As long as she played this trump card, there was nothing I could do but sighed tiredly.

Why did my little sister mention it now?

Sagiri blushed madly, answered:

"...I...I...look like this...short...flat...chest....so...Nii-san must like...this...."

"That's wrong, Sagiri." I denied "I don't like a small girl. I don't like a girl with small breast."

"Eh? Eh??"

My eyes and Sagiri's meet.

"I like you."

"~~~~~ Hm hm hm ...is that so..."

Sagiri replied in a tone that suggested she was either angry or...something. Her body was trembling, her head hangs low.

"Yes. I'm not a lolicon. Rather, you can say I prefer a girl with big breast."

"Ah, is that so!!!!"

She turned her head away.

Why? Why did she get angry now?

She glared at me:

“..Nii-san is not a lolicon...I got it. This group date is a make-believe one...You have a reason to be unable to refuse...I got it too...” She paused “It’s not like I can’t forgive you.”

“Really?”

“Feeling down....this is not something simple.”

I could feel a hint of experience from Sagiri’s word.

“I too...feel down when I couldn’t draw a loli....”

“Ah ah....”

Does it really the same as Shidou-kun’s case?

“Still...I have a condition...”

And that condition was....

“Make it here.”

“Eh? Eh? Ehhhhhhhhhhhh?”

“...If you make it here...I will allow it. If you truly not going to lay your hand on an elementary school girl, this shouldn’t be a problem.”

“No no! This is not going to be a problem....! But is it going to be okay? It might be noisy.”

“No problem. I don’t like it, but it’s better than holding it somewhere I don’t know....”

“..I understand....Sorry.”

I bowed. My little sister acted tsundere and turned away. But her head swing back:

“Since you at least explained for me first...next time, don’t make excuse.”

That was everything.

The scene returned to the moment, I was called back to *the locked room*.

“...Sa...Sagiri...here I come ~”

With a terrified heart, I knocked the darkened door.

With a \*creak\*, it opened. Sagiri was standing behind, her eyes empty.

“Nii-san.”

“Y, yes?”

“How?”

“How? What?”

“....Group date.” She said with a displeased tone.

“Ah...well, we are introducing ourselves.” I breathed a sigh of relieve.

“Why do you look so tired already?”

“You have to see them to believe....wait, do you even know about Kusanagi-senpai and Shidou-kun?”

“...I have heard about them from you. A drunkard and someone with him.”

“Yes yes, it’s them alright.”

They even came to my house. But to avoid any bad affect to Sagiri, I didn’t let she meet them.

“What about those girls?”

“Eh?”

“...Those girls who Megumi-chan brought...are they cute?”

“Ah ah ....well...cute...maybe? I meant, they are too small....”

For a middle school student, those girls aren’t exactly my type.

In light novel and anime, I don’t have anything against that kind of girls, but in reality, I think most guys would agree with me. Personally, I only keep my guard up near girls who is three years or lower younger than me.

“Hm...is that so?”

“Yes.”

“...Nii, Nii-san...love at first sight....I was in elementary school at this time...”

“I was younger back then! The danger zone changed when one getting older!”

By the way, why are we talking about this topic again?

It's too embarrassing! Such cheap trick!

“Mwu...I can't trust you...”

“Eh? Eh?”

“...I could image Nii-san play with Megumi-chan, making a nice atmosphere then used King Game to force them to undress.”

“I'm not going to do that! You, Eromanga-sensei was the one who gave that order!”

“I don't know anyone with that name!”

“Then how could I make you trust me?”

“If you want me to trust you...close your eyes.”

“Huh?”

“Close...your eyes.”

“———”

Because Sagiri told me that while blushing, I was very confused. I still did like she said, thought

“Is this okay?”

“Lower your head a bit more.”

Hah!? Wait, could it be —!?

I focused all of my sense to my lips.

And then – in an instant!

At my — not my lip – my forehead instead, I felt something. It was ... like a cloth?

“.....Sa, Sagiri? What are you doing ...to my forehead?”

“Don't move, don't talk. Just be quiet.”

“.....”

I had no choice but to shut up and let her do as she please.

Finally, Sagiri said:

“Okay, done. You can open your eyes now.”

I opened my eyes. In front of me was...

Eromanga-sensei, still holding a permanent marker.

“Sagiri! What did you do to my forehead?”

“A spell to make sure Nii-san can’t enjoy group date.”

“What exactly is that?”

“If that group date was held to cheer your junior up...then it doesn’t matter if you can’t enjoy it.”

Eromanga-sensei laughed, then her voice turned serious:

“Now goes back to your group date, Nii-san.”

“No way! At least tell me what you wrote!”

“No! Ah, I forbid you from cleaning it or even looking at a mirror.”

“.....Are you serious?”

“Yes!” She nodded happily, still laughing “I can only feel at ease in this case.”

For me, there is no way I could refuse my cute little sister’s request.

“.....”

I returned to the living room, carried the “spell” that Eromanga-sensei cast on me. Before I entered, Megumi runs to me:

“Welcome back Onii-chan ~ phwwww, what is on your forehead?”

“Er...welll...you see....”

I knew it! Sagiri wrote something to make people laughed at me.

“Ah, nah, I got it. You don’t have to say it ~”

Megumi cut me off, still laughing.

“I totally got it! Ahahaha, really ~ Onii ~ chan ~ is so cute. You win, you win ♪”

She lightly elbowed me in the gut.

“...By the way, I don't know what was written on my forehead.”

“— I'm not telling you.”

“I see.”

“After the group date is over, let Izumi-chan clean it for you. Don't look in the mirror beforehand, okay?”

“...I will try.”

Still, without knowing what was on my forehead, I couldn't understand what you guys was thinking.

I changed the topic:

“By the way, how is the group date going, Megumi?”

“We are enjoying a drink. You are late, Onii ~ chan.”

“...Answer me truthfully then....is everything okay?”

“I'm leading, you see. Everything is fine ~”

“...Really?”

I felt that nothing good could come out of this disastrous introduction.

“Yup ~ Onii ~ chan, if you are worried, why don't take a look yourselves ♪?”

I went to Kunsagi-senpai, asked:

“Kusanagi-senpai, what are you doing with Aya-chan?”

“Hey, Izumi. What a strange forehead...”

“Please ignore it! What are you doing —“

“Ah, this girl want to become a light novel author, but she got a review blog. I'm teasing her.”

“Are you picking a fight with a kid? What are you thinking?”

See? Aya-chan was about to cry!



thought.

“It’s nothing serious. Everyone did that.”

“No, they don’t!”

I really, really hope this senpai of mine didn’t discredit light novel author anymore.

The poor Aya-chan was covering her face with her hands.

“Ah ~~ Moooo! It’s terrible! I came here because I thought I would meet a light novel author. Mwuuuuu”

“I was only teasing you. Sorry.”

Kusanagi-senpai put a hand on Aya-chan’s head. I said:

“...It’s weird, Kusanagi-senpai is treating Aya-chan kindly. Didn’t you said you hate the one badmouth your novel online the most?”

“When did I say that?”

“Before your anime was aired.”

“It’s embarrassing, but now I’m no longer at the same level in the past. After my anime was made, my ranking was increased.”

Hm...that was plausible.

“In the end, they are the one who paid for my book, it’s their right to write their own review. Sometimes, those reviews do help to improve my skill. Also, in the face of ¥600 tax, I will not take my frustration on my reader. At worst, I will get angry, that’s all.”

“So you forgive them, huh.”

Kusanagi-senpai looked to the distance:

“Mmm...it happened a lot during the time my anime was aired too....Many people badmouthed me...Many blogs bashed me...my inbox was filled to the brim with complaints...they told me to die...My small fandom was mercilessly bullied by Yamada Elf and other novelists....”

Well, your anime was recent, after all.

Kusanagi-senpai sighed, rubbed Aya-chan's head and said:

“Normally, people buy my novel, then read them, then either praise them or bash them. You – a normal reader – is precious. I know that. The one who made me angry now is people who don't read my story, yet still bash it regardless.”

“Can you please stop speaking about it?”

That example...well, true, those careless reviews will make an author's blood boil.

“This is the resistance I build up after seeing that people said about me online. The resistance I build up after enduring those merciless attacks. Especially those \*\*\*\* stupid reviewers, those brats who know nothing!”

Again....

“Agrh ~ damn, just thinking about them made me mad! If only I have the enough patient! If only I didn't enter this route, enduring this hardship for something even I couldn't fully understand! Damn it all ~”

“Now you are getting side tracked.”

“No no. anyway, what I was trying to say it, I don't mind if you hate my novel. I don't mind if you gave it a bad review. I'm not going to hate my reader because of something so trivial.”

Kusanagi-senpai looked at Aya-chan, gently said:

“Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

He grinned.

Seeing that, Megumi spoke in a cheerful tone:

“Ehehe ~ Kusanagi ~ senpai, you are so ~~ nice! Ehehe ~ here, let's drink ~♪”

“Tch.”

Kusanagi-senpai clicked his tongue, coldly told Aya-chan

“Hey, kiddo.”

“...Yes?”

She replied, a hint of rebellion in her tone. Kusanagi-senpai told his reader:

“Next, please keep buying my book then read them.”

“...I will keep writing reviews.”

“Do whatever you want.”

“...Then I will do it.”

“Please do.”

With that, both of them turned their head sideway.

Megumi turned to me after witnessing how funny the conversation between Kusanagi-senpai and Aya-chan was, said:

“See, I told you it’s going smoothly.”

Then, she pointed to the sofa.

“Next ~ is ~~ over there ♪”

On the sofa was Shidou-kun and Ageha-chan ( eight years old). They were sitting in front of each other, Ageha-chan was talking with Shidou-kun.

I quietly looked at them:

“Cheer up, Onii-chan! Cheer! Cheer!”

“Don’t...no...I...stop, please, I told you that I’m not feeling down, okay?”

“Really?”

Ageha-chan drew her face closer to Shidou-kun. This distance is small enough to instant-kill any lolicon.

Shidou-kun’s expression turned serious, he slightly raised his hand to stop the girl

“Yes, it is true....”

“But Ageha heard that this group date was held to cheer Kunimitsu-sensei up.”

“.....That..”

Sorry Shidou-kun, the truth is...Together with Kusanagi-senpai, we have decided to tell the girls that this group date was to help to cheer him up.

Ageha-chan looked at him, continued:

“Ageha knew! Onii-chan was dumped by the girl you like, so you couldn’t write anymore!”

“Phew!?”

Shidou-kun made a grunting noise. Ageha-chan raised both of her hands up:

“Ageha will cheer you up! Happy happy!”

“Mwu muw mwuuuuuu.....” He groaned.

Wow...

An elementary school girl was cheering up a heart-broken light novel author (adult)

What an unreal sight...

“.....Kuh....kuh.....Izumi Masamune...what did you do....”

I averted my gaze and turned back to Megumi.

“See, Onii ~ chan. I told you, everything is perfect.”

“As one of the masterminds behind this plan...I felt that your way to cheer him up wasn’t entirely right...”

I think we are doomed. If I were Shidou-kun, I didn’t think that I could stand this situation anymore.

However, while I was worried, Megumi said:

“Don’t worry don’t worry ~ ♪ Just watch and see.”

“Where is that confidence come from?”

“Because ~” Megumi gave me a reassuring smile “This is my and Onii-chan’s plan.”

“———”

“Onii-chan told me that if we went with your plan, Kunimitsu-sensei will cheer



Kunimitsu-sensei is a small author. Very small, actually. He had no fame, no famous reward, no good story. At the editor department, his novel wasn't anything special. Even now, he still didn't manage to make any noteworthy book.

Just like me in my second year after my debut.

By the way, back then, most of the letters I received came from one single person (probably Muramasa-senpai). Aside from her, I only received three letters.

Only. Three.

While I don't want to calculate this rate, but...that meant for a few thousands of my readers, only one of them sent me a letter.

During that time, Izumi Masamune wasn't any better than Kunimitsu Shidou.

*I haven't received a single letter from my fan*

Wrote a novel, yet no one supports it. It was too sad.

That was what I think. Maybe partly because I didn't look up for my novel online, but my guess was that until now, Shidou-kun didn't know the joy of a novelist. He didn't believe that anyone would like his story.

Of course, a novelist couldn't see how happy his reader is when reading his book. Unless the reader tells him.

That's why —

*I slowly fail to understand why am I writing*

That's what Shidou-kun said.

For me, when someone was feeling down — it might sound cold — but I don't think that people should inference. Even a close friend or a junior.

But if someone asked me for help, then I will.

*I want to write a story as beautiful as a dessert, to turn my novel into a beautiful dish.*

I think back to when Shidou-kun told me his dream.

And so —

*“There is someone like Kunimitsu-sensei’s novel! Among my friends!”*

That’s why Megumi brought Ageha-chan.

“Kunimitsu-sensei’s meal sound very good ~! I made one with Mommy!”

That was a time when he wrote a cooking guidance into his novel.

“With your mother?”

“Um, Mommy said Kunimitsu-sensei’s story is good. She said reading it made her better at cooking. She also said she will try to do it again.”

“...Is that so....again....”

“That’s why, please cheer up and continue writing about good food!”

Ageha-chan kept patting Shidou-kun’s head like she was sharing her passion with him.

Shidou-kun’s expression was pure bliss. He looked like he was about to cry.

“Is that so. Thank you, Shiratori-san. Let me read...this letter, then.”

“Just call me Ageha, Onii~chan.”

“Sure, Ageha-chan.”

“Ehehe ~ it’s embarrassing.”

She scratched her cheek, secretly peeked at Shidou-kun:

“Are you ...feeling better now?”

She didn’t know how much affect her letter have. I could almost see her unspoken question “Is that really enough to cheer him up.”

Shidou-kun gently nodded.

“Thank you, I’m feeling better now...maybe.”

Can you please be more decisive? That’s why people didn’t think highly of you!

“Maybe huh...”

Ageha-chan showed a complicated expression.

“Sorry. But I feel that...even with you, I couldn’t recover this easily...”

“But aside from Ageha, there are much more who like Kunimitsu-sensei’s book!”

“Really?”

“Yup! It’s true!”

“Is that so! Then, I have to recover for their sake, right?”

“Please!”

“Sure....”

Shidou-kun lowered his head. Then after a moment, he looks up:

“Ageha-chan, let’s live together!”

“Ehhhhhhhh!”

Crap crap crap!!!

I rushed forward and quickly hit the back of my \*\*\*\* junior’s head.

“It hurt! What is that for?”

“It’s my line! What are you telling elementary school girl?”

“Er...It was a joke...”

“Really? Don’t you notice how it sound like a marriage confession?”

“Ahaha, is that so?”

“It is!”

It is. Scary...I can’t take my eyes off a lolicon for an instant. Hope he could learn to control himself.

“Say, Izumi-kun, what’s with your forehead. Is that some kind of punishment game?”

“Please ignore it!” I covered my forehead. “Er...how about you check what you received from Ageha-chan, Shidou-kun.”

“This....did you prepare this, Izumi-kun?”

“Eh....saying that we prepared it actually more accurate. So...can you write

something now?”

“How should I put it...at least I have some general idea.”

He didn't look fully recovered though.

But it was expected. Unlike what Kusanagi-senpai wanted, this wasn't something that could be done immediately.

However —

“Thank you, Izumi-kun. It was good coming here.”

I could tell that it got a good result.

I left his side and returned to Megumi. She was standing alone and checking up on everyone with a satisfied smile on her face. I told her:

“It is strange.”

“Uh? What are you talking about?”

“I think that you should be the center of this kind of event.”

“Ah ~”

Megumi made a sound like she fully understood what I was trying to say. She turned around where she stood, put both hands on her chest and gave me a charming look:

“Hm hm ~ I tell you, people call me 「The Cupid of second-year」(TL Note: In classical mythology, *Cupid* (Latin *Cupido*, meaning “desire”) is the god of desire, erotic love, attraction, and affection). Group date and alike is my mission! I'm here to bring people together.”

So I should invite her to the next group date too — no no, it sounds so wrong!

“Yes, thank to your Cupid's eye, that two pairs ended up nicely! But if we let them show that in the public, then all of their public images will be ruined.”

“Ehe ♥ “

Hey, sticking your tongue out and trying to act cute is not going to work with me.

“Ahaha ♪ Well, the plan was to make this a light group date, so that everyone could enjoy themselves, which mean I success.”

“I think so too. As expected of you.”

“Ehehehe, of course.” Megumi raised her chest “But...even a make believe...it was a rare chance for me to be together with Onii ~ chan ~~”

She jumped to me and grabbed my arm.

“Hey...”

“Do you want to do something group date – like?”

“Wh, what are you trying to do...”

I wanted to pull my arm out, but I couldn't muster enough force.

“How about....”

She pulled me to the table, took a dessert and put it in her mouth.

“How about pocky games?”

.....

I thought about it for a moment

“No, no way.”

“Ehehehe ~!? Why? You don't want to ~?”

Seeing my reaction, Megumi chuckled, put the pocky into her mouth.

“Here ~ here ~”

“This...this is....”

“Um... ~”

“\_\_\_”

“Come ~~”

.....

.....

“Nope, not playing!”

“Eh?”

“I was only joking, haha ♪ Do you want to play it for real?”

“You, you....stop kidding me!”

Don't do that again! I thought I was about to die!

“Ahahahahah ~ Onii ~ chan, you face is so red! So cute ~~ ♥”

Megumi left my side, still laughing. She broke the pocky, pointed a half at me:

“I'm not going to play a real-life eroge with someone with *that* wrote in his forehead. What a pity, Onii ~ chan ♥”

Feeling both at ease and regret, I sighed put a hand on my forehead.

“...Hah ~~ what did she write there...”

In the end, I still don't know the answer.



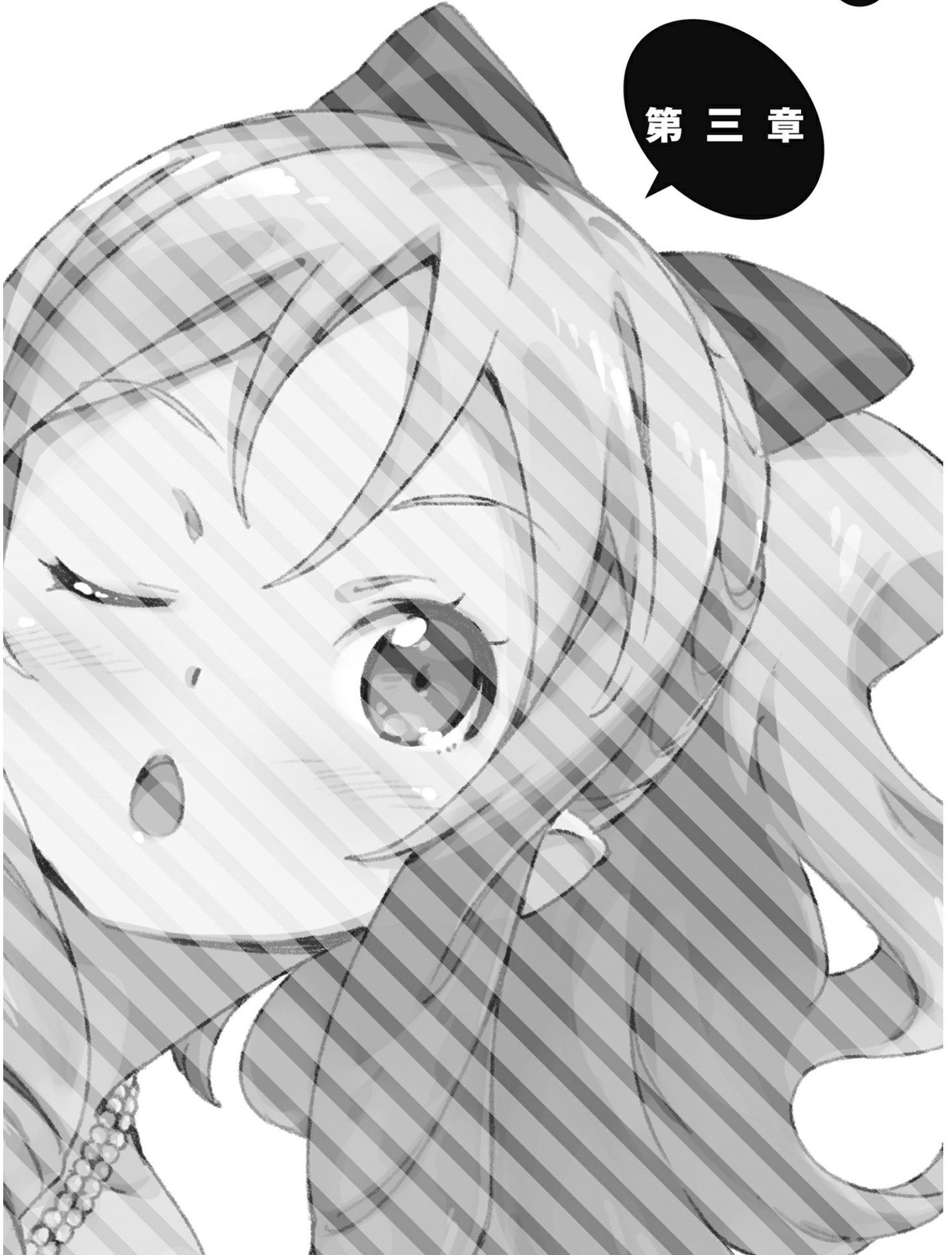
# Chapter 3

エ ero  
manga  
sensei ロ

マン ガ 先生

6

第三章



A day in May, inside the locked room, I was being scold by my little sister.

“No!”

“But... I already said yes.”

“No mean no!”

Sagiri stood in front of me in a pick dress, her voice firm. Today she didn't wear her headset.

“I... already promised Elf...”

“...You made a promise with me too...”

“Nii-san...I told you that you are not allowed to date anyone for the rest of your life.”

Sagiri pouted, making me recall that moment.

Some of you might have forgotten, so allow me to retell the situation from back then. It was during my first meeting with Muramasa-senpai. In order to publish The cutest little sister in the world, both me and Elf had to run around back and forth. Of course, Elf still had time to tweet “I'm on a date with Izumi Masamune-sensei ♥”, thus making Sagiri said that line to me.

“I don't care about you anymore! Nii-san is a pervert!”

Back then, she hid under her blanket and then made a fuss, like she was my girlfriend or something. She also —

“— Nii-san, you are not allowed to date a girl for the rest of your life! Got it?”

“— For the rest of my life?”

“— Yes! For the rest of your life. Because...”

“—Because?”

“—It's nothing!!!”

That happened too.

“Er, it's not like I forgot or anything, but...”

“Then...why did you agree to go to a date with Elf-chan?”

“...Hey, back then, were you really serious?”

“...Nii-san, why do you think that I’m not serious?”

“Because when I asked why, you couldn’t say anything and changed the subject.”

“...Ugh...”

Sagiri took a step back. Bull’s eye! I asked her again:

“So why did you make a fuss back then?”

Unless you tell me the reason, I couldn’t apologize.

“It...it’s none of your business!”

She turned her head away, then threw me a glance:

“Anyway...Nii-san...you are not allowed to date any girl for the rest of your life.”

“...The rest of my life...”

“The rest of your life! No! Absolutely not!” She yelled.

You guys must have noticed, the root of the problem is “my date with Elf.”

It was during the White Valentine.

“— It’s decided then. I will take this.”

“— I’m looking forward for it ~ Onii ~ chan ♥”

And that was the root of the problem. After aware of Megumi’s plan, Elf also picked “a date” as her White Valentine reward.

I owed Elf a lot, so refusing is just too rude. Thus my plan was to go on a date during May.

Later, Sagiri knew about it too, so I was scolded.

“But Elf helped me so many times before... I need to repay her somehow...”

“You don’t have to go to a date for that! Just give her candy or something!”

“She hate that! That’s why I agreed – beside, it’s not like I’m going on a date

as lovers or anything, it's just a friendly date! What's wrong with that, it's too trivial!"

"No! Means! No!"

Damn, why do I have to explain this like some unfaithful boyfriend?

"Playground...I have never been to a playground before....."

Sagiri moaned, then she stood up and played her trump card:

"Nii-san...in your eyes, between me and Elf, who is more important?"

"You, of course."

I answered immediately. Sagiri didn't seem like she expected that response.

"This....that....~~~~~ really!!!"

Her eyes turned into >.<, she began to punch my stomach.

"Nii-san! I hate you! Idiot!"

"What the...Ouch! Alright alright, I got it!"

I pushed my hand into Sagiri's forehead, thus she was waving her hand without touching me. Look quite funny actually.

"If you said no then I will comply. I'm going to tell her that."

"...Really?"

"Um."

It was hard to break a promise with Elf, but everything has its priorities. As a brother, I couldn't allow my little sister to hate me.

I lowered my hand.

"It's okay."

She nodded, her momentum completely disappeared, and muttered:

"...Elf-chan is not going to be angry...right?"

"Nah, she will. I will have to apologize, then think of something to make up for her later."

"..Then..let me help...I can try...."

“Yeah, I will tell her that too.”

Anyway, after that I dragged myself to the Crystal Palace (Elf’s home). Today isn’t weekend, so she should be at home in afternoon.

I rang the door bell. She quickly came:

“Ah, Masamune! Fufufu, let me guess...have you decided where you will take me to during our date?”

“Nope. Not that.”

“?”

Elf titled her head in confusion. I bowed:

“Sorry! Can I take back my promise regarding our date!”

“.....Come inside then tell me.” Elf said with an ice-cold tone.

“Crap....”

Inside the beautiful living room, I kneeled in front of Elf (who was crying), trying my best to calm her down.

“\*Hic\*Hic\*...I was looking forward for it...”

“I’m very sorry! It’s all my fault!”

It IS my fault, no doubt. All I could do was bow even lower.

“Sorry! I will...repay you. Definitely!”

“Repay...\*hic\*...really??” Elf asked me with teary eyes.

“Yes. As long as it’s something I can do, I will do it!”

“...But...not a date, right?”

Elf said, like she already knew about my conversation between me and Sagiri, even though I haven’t tell her anything.

“Uhm....aside from a date, anything is fine..”

“Then...then...the day after tomorrow...come to my home and play, can you?”

“Here?”

“Yes.”

“Isn’t it the same as our usual activities? Is that really everything you wanted?”

“Yes.” Elf nodded happily like a child.

“Since...I was supposed to prepare for the date, I have some free time...I originally intended to get some reference during that time....is that okay?”

“No problem.”

Normally, she was always full of life, but seeing how meekly she was made my heart skipped a beat.

“No problem..we are just playing together.”

It’s still a date, but in a different place – that thought suddenly appeared in my mind.

“Alright!”

But seeing Elf’s face, it immediately disappeared.

“So it’s our date! Together! No one can interrupt us!” Elf smiled happily.

“Your, your face! Too close!”

I took a step back in reflex. By chance – my eyes stopped at Elf’s hand and I saw what was she holding – artificial tear.

“You tricked me again!”

“Oh, you found out!” Elf spited her tongue out.

“So you only pretended to cry?”

You made me feel so bad!

“Of course! I can guess that there was a high chance that you will turn out like this. If she knew, your princess will throw a tantrum, then a certain super ultra great siscon will panic and says 「I’m not going anymore」!”

Do you really have to put it that way.

But...scary...she was totally right. Did she really not know about my conversation with Sagiri?

“Anyway, compare to the morning light Elf-chan, your little sister must be more precious, Masamune-nii-san!”

Elf turned around, clearly displeased. I retorted:

“Yes. Do you hate that?”

“Nah, this is just who you are.”

“Huh?”

Still as mysterious as ever.

Elf turned back to me, then pointed her hand like a gun at my chest:

“Fufufu, just you wait. Prepare yourself...I will be serious this time.”

“How should I put it...what exactly do you mean...”

That day.

Sunday morning, I arrived at my neighbour’s home. Of course, I had reported this to Sagiri.

“...Hmm...I see...fine.”

She agreed, but her face didn’t said so.

What exactly do you want me to do? I can’t be at ease!

I sighed and rang the door bell. A moment later, it opened, Elf appeared with a smile.

“Morning! Welcome!”

“Er...this....this clothes is....”

“Fufufu, what do you think?”

Short belt, sleeveless shirt, long legging, a model sun glass on top of her head and new hair style – all of that made her even more lively than usual.

“How do I look? Beautiful, right? Do you like me now?”

“Yes...yes.....”

My true feeling was “super cute”, but I didn’t say it out loud. Instead, I chose

a neutral-sounding line:

“Why did you change yourselves?”

Hearing that, Elf slightly closed her eyes.

“I was planning to let you enjoy a surprise, but a certain siscon ruined my plan, so I have to wear it at home.”

“I’m very sorry.”

“Forget it, I don’t want to remember that stuff. You are going to repay me today, right?” Elf happily grabbed my hand.

“Ui.”

This softness made me don’t know what to do. She looked at me like she could see the thoughts in my heart:

“My plan was to take references during our date, you have to repay me that too.”

I see....a date at home...repay, huh...

But if that was the case —

“Let’s go, Masamune!”

With her words, the last remaining of my doubts disappeared.

“This way!”

“Where are you taking me to?”

Elf pulled me as we passed the entrance, just like a couple.

Normally we would go to her living room, but today she passed that, pointing forward:

“First — over here: My Fantastic Gallery.”

“...What did you just say?”

Why does it sound like something that only appeared in light novel?

Elf pointed to the gallery, said to me in a happy tone:

“Before a date, we have to go somewhere to have fun, right?”

“...And then?”

“I have prepared lots of happy place in my home today.” Elf nodded, full of herself. “Our date – I meant, our make-believe date today began with the couple goes through all that.”

“You meant...you prepared all of this just for today?”

“No, for example, this gallery was finished yesterday.”

“...Was it hard?”

“Yes, but it’s a rare chance to ask you repay me.” Elf calmly answered.

“But shouldn’t this be something I do instead of yours?”

“It’s fine, who cares. I prepare a lot for today, a bentou box for example.”

“I see.”

A very girl-like style. Or rather, Elf’s style.

“But not only that I wanted you to repay me for the White Valentine, I wanted you repay me for many many more times, so —“

“So you have to make me have as much fun as possible, okay!?”

Elf grabbed my arm again.

Since this is a make-believe date, this much should be alright, right? But even that requires me to concentrate as hard as I could in order to answer her:

“If it’s something I can do for you, I will do it.”

Seeing that her plan worked, Elf laughed:

“Fufufu, you have to keep your words.”

On the door, there was a small panel which is read “Fantastic Gallery”. The door itself looked old, not that “Elf made it look old” but “it really was old”.

I have entered this room a few times before, but it was filled brimmingly with cardboard boxes. Back then, Elf was still moving her stuffs around

“Just wait and see!”

Elf boasted and opened the door widely. In front of me was a completely

different room.

“Wah...what is this?”

I exclaimed. This...was truly a fantastic gallery.

How should I put it...well, let's begin with the wall. It was covered in many product, mostly from Yamada Elf-sensei's masterpiece, “The Flame of Dark Elf”. Most of them were clearly hand-made, but unlike those which was sold at the shop, they looked more precious.

Sega Prize, figure, clay....there was a working table in a corner too. I could see that at least dozens more were about to be finished.

Seeing my reaction, Elf laughed, being satisfied.

“Fufufufu! How is it?”

“...Awesome. This figure, this illustrator, this model – how many in total?”

“All of them? Forty three in total.”

“That much?”

“Yup! My Dark Elf is very suitable to make figure, so many people did exactly that. Since the demand was high – this is the result.”

Elf seemed embarrassed, like a mother whose child was praised.

“Ha ~~~~”

It was rare for a finished anime to be able to sell so many by-products like this. As expected of the anime of the year.

I'm not going to name a specific novel, but there were many case where “the number of a character's figure is abnormally high”. Even if the maker wasn't known by the novelist, he still helped in marketing the novel. I had asked myself many questions, like “Why was this girl so special, that the story ended but her figure still sells without trouble”, “This novel was based on a web novel from a long time ago” or “Damn, this one got so many merchandise!!”

The answer of those question lied in front of me.

The one who made those merchandise had a different view point that us novelist. When they meet a character that suited their taste, they will pick that

character to make merchandise.

Anyway, everything followed this was my opinion only.

Breast. Onee-chan style. Swimsuit. Gothic loli dress. Super revealing armor. Paper-thin underwear. An eye-catching ass. Erotic cosplay — etc...

Seemed like those makers were only interested in what I said above. Again, that was my opinion only.

When she drew for the Flame of Dark Elf, Army-sensei also satisfied the request of merchandise maker.

Aside from the figure of the main character in many styles, ranging from angelic to demon, elf, gothic loli – there was merchandise of Dark Elf's magic knight, the male protagonist in general armor...All of the details, no matter how small, have to be carefully perfected. The maker had to make a three dimension model, after all.

“Army-chan is really good at making magic knight! She didn't even forget any small details!”

I once boasted that to Eromanga-sensei, which upsetted her:

“She again! She is she, I am me! If you like it so much, just go to her home! Tell her to make your magic knight or Noble phantasm for you!”

“Fufufu, by the way, I like this one the most among those Dark Elf's merchandise!”

Elf pointed at a ...a beautiful girl with twelve wings, seeming radiating sunlight?

“Real life figure, Emily!”

“You used your name!? And she even looked exactly like you!”

“Of course. I'm her model!”

“I knew it! I knew it! I saw it before, but I was too embarrassed to ask, However I couldn't stand it anymore! I almost choked on my laughter when you introduce that!”

Hearing that, Elf raised her chest:

“But I think it’s worth to see how touched you are.”

“That’s not what I meant!”

“...Take a look at this pure white naked arm! See this nearly transparent wings! Fufufu – what are you waiting for, hurry and kneel in front of me!”

She ignored me. Again.

I signed:

“...Listen to me...I think it’s the limit for an author to let herself be a goddess in her novel.”

This is abnormal. Unusual. At least I couldn’t do it.

The reason was simple, really. Normally, no one could be so shameless to do that. Among all the novelist I knew, only one or two could. That’s why I think Yamada Elf-sensei is amazing.

“If Dark Elf got a second anime season, of course I would be the voice-actress for this goddess!”

“I think it’s the first for an important character to be voiced by the original author herself.”

“See! I even have begun practicing!”

Elf was very happy, while I have nothing else to say.

How could someone be so naïve yet so sincere like her exist! Just talking to her made my heartbeat races.

“This figure was based on you, huh...”

I lowered my head at its chest level, carefully inspecting it.

“It must be a lot of work....”

Suddenly, she knocked me on the head.

“Ouch?”

“P...pervert! Don’t push your face at that!”

“You are the one who made it, what right do you have to tell me that?”

I groaned. Elf blushed, yelled:

“Because of your perverted gaze made me embarrassed! Pervert!”

“You are the pervert one....you must have think of it before you made this figure!?”

So, Elf and I, once more, began to argue. As usual.

In short – that was how the Fantastic Gallery began. But not how it ended.

“Well...Elf...actually...I couldn't help but noticed...over there...”

“Ah? That one? Let's take a look, shall we?”

“Let's go!” I excitedly said.

“Hm, boys are only interested in that stuff...”

Elf picked “it” up and gave it to me.

“Wow..heavy....it was made of metal?”

“Of course. Based on the demonic blade Red Sword.”

Demonic blade Red Sword is a very famous weapon in Flame of Dark Elf. It was a one-hand sword, with black blade, flamberge style.

In the novel, when the main protagonist's rival Black Knight picked this up, the blade will burst into black flame – but of course it couldn't do so in real life. Still cool enough though.

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh ~ Awesome! This, this is...!!!!!”

I took the sword and happily looked at its blade. Next to me, Elf didn't seem to understand.

“Huh? You like it? But how could you like it more that a naked arm of a figure that looked exactly like me? I can't really accept it....”

“Of course! I'm a man! I love blades and guns! By the way, I couldn't understand your reasoning naked arm >>>>> demon sword. This sword is a dream for all novelist who specialize in fighting genre! Even it was only a copy, it is still a sword in real life!”

“So...it fired you up that much?”

“Can’t you feel it? This feeling! For example, if my novel included something like “Dragon King Sword Kajakt”, “Nietono no Shana” or “Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown”, they will absolutely need to be made with utmost care! I will be so happy that I’d cry! I’d even jump into the Arakawa river! And ...er...what’s with your reaction? What are you thinking?” (TL Note: I don’t know about the first weapon, but Neitonono Shana is from Shakugan no Shana novel, Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown is from Overlord novel)

“What are you thinking, ignoring a girl during her date and focus on a weapon instead?”

“.....I’m very sorry.”

I had nothing to say other than to apologize.

“Well, anyway....you just have to remember that this sword is very cool.”

“...Still need to make a conclusion, huh. Forget it. If you really like it, I can give it to you.”

“...I really wanted to, but no, sorry.”

“Why?”

“Because it should be here.”

I answered honestly. Around me, it had no meaning. No one can see it.

But Elf didn’t laugh.

“I see. Sorry for saying that.”

“Okay.”

Elf didn’t laugh, but I did.

“One day, I want to write a cool weapon in my novel too.”

“Since you are writng a romance comedy novel, I highly doubt you could.”

“Well, that’s right too —“

Hearing Elf’s righteous words, I could do nothing but sighed loudly.

“Damn ~~ Sekaimo is not a fighting novel! There is no way I could add a cool

sword or gun into that, not even a super robot battle!”

“.....So a robot have never appeared in your novel before?”

“Ahhhh, I wanted to have a conversation with my own character. If it was made into anime, I hope it would have a smooth fighting scene in the opening! I wanted to have a talk when my anime was aired! I wanted to ignore comments from people who didn't read my novel! I wanted to slowly explain everything in my fighting scene!”

My soul was crying.

“You can keep trying. That's how new author fight.”

“You are right...you are totally right.”

It's not like I will stop writing after Sekaimo. After that, I could keep writing fighting novel.

“Beside, making a romance novel doesn't automatically mean you cannot cross fighting scene out. Romance genre now have more novels that fighting genre. Aside from my Dark Elf, when someone want to write a character, making a romance novel is easier..”

“Hm....I don't actually agree.”

I don't think I'm the only one thought. In my opinions, not many people wanted to become a light novel author because they wanted to see a girl they created become real.

“That kind of people is actually having it easy! Just imagine! When you created a super cute female protagonist, when she stepped into the 3D world and arrived at the reader's hand...”

“They will be happy, no doubt.”

I crossed my arm across my chest, imagined the situation that Elf just spoke of.

“For example, in a game station, those girl which Izumi Masamune created was placed into a crane machine.”

“Hm hm, sounds good.”

“Of course, as the original author, you held some original merchandise. Not to included some rare, limited only stuff.”

“Wow...It’s nice...”

“See? Just like me, what if you put them all in a room – don’t you think it’s awesome?”

I looked around at the room. What if it was filled with Izumi Masamune’s character?

Isn’t it the same if I created a cool sword?

“...This...feels kind of nice...”

“Of course, you have to wait until you actually meet it.”

This wasn’t something where just by imagining it can give you a real experience. Elf grinned:

“Wait unti your Sekaimo have a girl as cute as my goddess Emily-chan, you could make a room just like this.”

“I will....well, where should I put it....Better not touch my parent’s room...If I put it into Sagiri’s room, I could hardly access it....”

Elf asked:

“What about putting in right at the entrance?”

“If Kyouka-san saw it, she will immediately hold a family talk!!!!”

Just thinking about that made me cry!

“Your room then.”

“...I don’t have any better suggestion. Anyway, it is still in the future, I have to try harder!”

“Go for it. Okay, next place!”

I was worried that playing a make believe date at home would embarrass us, but turned out everything went well. It must be because of both of us get along so well.

From the Fantastic Gallery, we took the stair to the second floor.

In front of the next door, Elf raised a hand, said:

“This is Memoria Theater (A beautiful girl’s place).”

“It’s your workshop, isn’t it?”

“Shut up, today it’s Memoria Theater. Hurry up and enter.”

She took my hand and entered this “Memoria Theater”.

I looked around, then commented:

“...It is empty. Where is your desktop...? Did you put it away?”

“Yup. I put the obstacle away.”

To call her desktop an obstacle...really, this girl...

“So...what’s the connection between this place and Memoria Theater? And what did you plan to do here?”

Hearing my question, Elf pointed at the single chair in the room. There was a camera on top of it. I know this type, it’s quiet valuable.

“Use that to take picture of a beautiful girl. To make memories for us today.”

“I see.”

“Of course, you are the camera man. Do you understand?”

“Of course.”

I happily took the camera into my hand.

“Huh? It’s rare to see you cooperate with me so much. Do you know how to use this?”

“No problem. There is a similar one in my home, I usually use it to take reference.”

I’m not an expert or anything, but I still quickly focused my lens into “the beautiful girl”.

“Let’s begin.”

Clicks the shutter. \*click click\*

“Wait.”

“Good good ~ one more!”

\*Click click\*

“Listen to me!”

Followed Elf’s words, the screen turned dark. She covered the lens.

Since I was happily taking picture, I retorted, with a hint of annoyance in my voice:

“What are you doing!”

“What are you doing? What picture are you even taking?”

“Sagiri. I could see her from here.”

“You are supposed to take my picture!”

“But you said to take picture of a beautiful girl....”

“Shut up! Don’t look outside, there is a super cute girl right in front of you!”

“...Elf is cute.”

Even when she was displeased, she was still cute.

“Wh...what? Why are you praising me now?”

“But still not as cute as my little sister, who is rolling back and forth without a care in the world !”

I announced. Elf said nothing, but she closed the curtain.

“What are you doing???”

“I’m not letting you take picture of anyone else today. Give it to me, I have to erase them all.”

“...Kuh...well...you are right....even thought it’s a rare chance to see my cute little sister...but you are right....”

I wiped my tears, said:

“Come. Delete it.”

“...Full of motivation, aren’t you. Alright, deleted.”

Everything...is gone.

“Alright...again.”

Elf gave me the camera, took a modeling pose.

“ – Take picture. Make sure to take picture of a famous novelist – who is me, okay.”

“Hey.”

“Huh?”

“You said everything was somewhere you wanted to go on a date, right?”

“Yes.”

Just now, the Fantastic Gallery could be a trip interpreted as a trip to the park. If the same could be said for the Memoria Theater....

“How about we took it together?”

“Ehhh!?”

Elf’s eyes widened. I raised the camera level to my face, grinned, just like she did many times before.

“— It’s a memorial picture , after all.”

“ .....

Elf looked stunned for a second, but she quickly smiled:

“Even Masamune could sometimes say something right. Alright! We have to take a memorial picture during our date!”

She was embarrassed, but she was laughing happily too.

“Ha ~ so you want to take a picture with me this much?”

“Yes. If you allowed it.”

“Can’t be help ~~ if you wanted it that much, then let’s take a picture together ♪”

Elf nearly jumping in joy, she took my arm into her hand.

“Too...too close.”

“I’m embarrassed too! Just try to endure it.”

“Wait, I can’t hold this camera one hand! Give me a tri-pod or something!”

“Really, what a man! Oh right, it’s our rare chance, so let’s cosplay!”

“C...c...cosplay?”

“Yes! There are cosplay clothes in the Fantastic Gallery!”

“Ah...yeah...but...”

“Please! Please! Take picture of our cosplay! Please!”

Elf looked at me with her puppy eyes.

“.....”

I can’t say no. Elf was asking to be spoiled, and I can’t say no to her!

“Fine. Let’s go then.”

“Yes!”

And so —

We began to take our “cosplay memorial picture”. Not only we sat intimately, we even recreated some scenes from her novel. There was a picture taken to look like the Opening of Flame of Dark Elf, when the Elven Archer was fighting against the magic blade wielding Dark Knight. Even I felt embarrassed seeing it.

“...Elf...are you going to...let other people see this picture?”

“Why not? Don’t you want to boast to everyone?”

“Nooooooooooooo!!! I’ll die of embarrassment!”

“What are you getting embarrassed for? You were so happy!”

“Please don’t do this...I...I never think that even after four year after my debut, I still make this black history...!”

“— But it’s fun, right?”

“———”

I gave up, sighed without a care in the world.

“Super fun.”

“Me too!”

Both of us broke into laughter.

And so — Elf’s workshop — Memorial theater — was full of laughter.

“Next is lunch!”

After the cosplay, instead of going to the living room, we went to the garden to eat lunch. Elf prepared lots of sandwiches.

“It tasted so good! Ouch, hot hot!”

Seeing me trying to push a chicken sandwich into my mouth, Elf chuckled:

“I put some seasoning outside of the meat. It should make it taste better.”

“Truly!”

If we went to a real date, then I couldn’t eat a still hot sandwich like this.

“Was this part of your plan too?”

“Here — well, you can say this we are at the Elven Garden.” She said after looking around.

Now, we were surrounded by the smell and sight of spring, of flowers.

“Alright, Masamune. Next try this sandwich.”

After I finished my chicken sandwich, Elf gave me a new one. This one had tomato and clove.

“Thank you. Oh, this clove, was it made by you too?”

“Yup.” Elf said while looking at the flowers around us “Those are still too young. They should be edible in July, please look forward to it.”

“Of course.”

“There are still more.”

She looked all around, smiled happily.

...What a cheerful girl.

“By the way, do you purposely refuse to let me enter your living room?”

Since the morning, twice that Elf pulled me somewhere instead of the living room. Of course she looked like she got a reason...

Hearing that, Elf’s lips slightly raised:

“You are unusually sharp today. Have you decided to get rid of the light novel protagonist title?”

“I don’t have that sort of title – so, what’s inside that room?”

“If you have noticed, then I will tell you. The living room of the Crystal Palace had been changed into a part of our plan.”

“In other words, something similar to the Fantastic Gallery and the Memoria Theater?”

“Yes. I can’t tell you the name now though.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

After that, we went to two more place. It was three o’clock when we finished.

“Let’s take a tea break.”

Elf said an lead me to the living room.

Just like I guessed, it was changed into a “Café shop”, but...

“Wh, what is this?”

“This is Japanese style Izumi’s tea. “

“Why do you use my name – no, not that now! Where is your usual living room?”

The salon had turned into a cushion. The tea pot also changed into a traditional style. There was bamboo blinds on the wall, too.

Everything was completely overhauled. The usual Western style living room had disappeared.

“It took a lot of effort to prepare for it today! I even have to ask Army-chan for help.”

“...Why are you telling me that for – what kind of reaction do you expect me to show?”

“Just feeling happy is enough. All of this was for today.”

“.....”

I felt like I was welcomed a little too much.

Elf entered the new living room, pointing at the cushion:

“Sit down, Masamune.”

“Here?”

“Yes. Anywhere is fine.”

Elf walked toward the kitchen and brought back a big tray, then she calmly put tea and snack on the table.

Normally, she likes sweets and cookies, together with red tea, but today was not a normal day.

The faint fragrant smell of tea filled the air.

“Doesn’t look like your usual snack...what is this? Egg cake? No...not that.”

“Strawberry daifukumochi. I made them myself. Cute, right?”

“Wow...nice.”

I took a piece of strawberry daifukumochi and put them into my mouth.

Of course, it tasted excellent. I had some research into cooking, so I knew immediately.

“Excellent. So you can made light snack too?”

“Of course. Because you seemed to like this...I have to borrow a recording of your mother’s cooking lesson to practice...Anyway, you looked like you enjoyed it.”

What a hardworker.

“Masamune, after seeing how much I care for you, hurry up and praise me.”

“Thank you very much.”

But there is no need to actually saying it out.

By the way, “your mother” that Elf spoke of wasn’t Sagiri’s mother – I called her “mother”. What Elf meant was my real mother, the one I called “Mom”.

I have said it before. When she was alive, my mom is a cooking teacher.

“...No wonder it tasted so similar...to think you learn from Mom.”

It was the first time I ate strawberry daifukumochi..but I knew already.

“Is that...similar to your memories?”

“Ah...yes. I hadn’t eaten Mom’s strawberry daifukumochi, but I think...if she made one, it would taste just like this.”

“...Is that so. Good to know. Anyway, well, you see...”

Elf shuttled. Maybe the previous topic wasn’t an easy one for her too.

“Don’t worry, just continue like normal. It has been a long time. I’m okay.”

“Is that so? Then I will ask you straight forward...is there a word meaning “Mother’s smell” in Japanese?”

“Yes. We have.”

“What a wonderful idea...my parents...well, never cook for me, so I don’t know anything about mother’s smell. I only have some vague memories of eating with my father before he died...But you know that smell, don’t you?”

“Uhm, yeah. Actually, all I remember about Mom was her cooking.”

“I know , right. So....”

Elf’s expression suggested that she was thinking “he might get angry if I said so”, she continued:

“...I was worried that if I recreated your memories ...would you feel...angry?”

What was she saying? Why should I get mad at her because of that?

“...It felt nostalgic. It made me remember many thing that I had forgotten.”

Our family gathered together around the dinning table and ate Mom’s meal.

During her free time, she talked with me about her cooking skill.

And after she is gone, Dad and I practiced based on her lesson.

“If you are happy, then it’s the best.”

“Yeah. Thank you.”

Somehow, I wanted to thank Elf.

“You are welcome...I planned to cook a completed meal for you instead of just a snack like this.”

“If you made a meal, I don’t think that I could feel that mother’s smell.”

“I actually tried once, too. But since I never had a chance to eat one, I couldn’t do it. Your mother said that her home cooking was a bit different, so I think she cooks at home based on your family’s taste.”

This is true. You have to consider the taste of people too. Her lesson was suitable for everyone, every situation, unlike when she cooked for the Izumi house.

“So I felt that I might never taste my mother’s cooking again...and then I gave up.”

“If you haven’t eat your mother’s cooking, I might be able to make something enough to trick your taste.”

Since during her lesson, Mom said about me a lot, so Elf could guess “What Izumi Masamune like to eat”.

“There is no need for that, this is more than enough. How nostalgic, I felt that Mom would probably cook something similar too.”

What I said was my true feeling without any praise, but Elf didn’t look like she could accept it. With vacant eyes, she said:

“...To tell the truth, I can’t accept it...Now, it’s true that I couldn’t do it, but soon, I can remake Izumi home’s smell for you.”

“Haha, what are you talking about.”

Her expression was saying the same thing, thus I couldn’t help but laugh.

“Still, if you are really going to do it...then please do your best.”

It was a taste that I couldn't feel anymore. Mom's taste.

"Just leave it to me! I will let you taste that again!"

Elf said, full of conviction.

"Wow...why are you so fired up?"

What is going on?

"Hm, I will always face any challenge with my full strength. Even being dead does not stop me."

I don't really get it, but it sould amazing. She was readying herself for a fight.

Elf coughed, took a slip of tea, and said:

"...Actually, just now I'm not really confident with this snack, but today I did my best...Anyway, let's enjoy them together."

"Of course."

I nodded.

However...today, I should have been repaying Elf for her White Valentine, but it looked like I was the one being welcomed instead. This wasn't good.

I need to repay her somehow!

"...Actually, I have something for you too, Elf."

"Eh? What is it?"

"This."

I took a game software out of the bag.

"-This was! Last month! It..."

"I have to ask before hand...have you not buy it?"

"No! Because the anime made me so busy, I was only free since yesterday - anyway, how could you know that I wanted it?"

"You have told me many times, that you would buy a game as soon as your job is finished. So I think...this should a suitable gift."

My voice was getting smaller and smaller, because Elf didn't say anything but

instead just stared at me.

Huh? Did I messed up?

“.....”

“.....E...Elf?”

“.....This....this is – for me?”

“Of course. For you, Elf. A present from me.”

I raised both of my hand and handed it to her:

“Thank you for taking care of me until now.”

“Um, good!”

Elf took it with some hesitation.

I continued:

“Thank you for your work in the anime.”

“Uh...thanks.”

Finally, Elf slowly smiled. A mischievous smile, like she was teasing me.

“Hey, are you watching me everyday? Ahaha ~ so nice of you ~”

“Yeah, of course. That game cost me a lot.”

Seeing me blushing, Elf said truthfully.

“I’m happy.”

“That’s good to hear.” I coughed, trying to hide my embarrassment. “Also, I got one too.”

I showed her my own handheld gaming.

“I bought one for myself. We can play together sometime.”

“Let’s do it right now!”

“Eh?”

“Let’s do it right now! I will bring my handheld here.”

Elf returned to her usual cheerful self. Looks like my gift did its job.

We played together in the tea room (formerly living room). After a while, we decided to take a break.

Elf was sitting next to me. She said:

“Say...Masamune.”

“...Yes? Elf?”

“About...”

She sat down firmly on the cushion, took a firm stance.

“Yes?”

“If you marry me, I can do anything you asked everyday.”

“—Yes?”

You are one of the candidate to become my husband.

I remembered her words from before.

“Wait...wait...”

Noticing my eyes, Elf whispered directly into my ears:

“I could wear any kind of clothes you like everyday. As the head of the house, I could give you monthly allowance ....let’s see...how about around ¥1.. (TL Note: nearly \$9.. Higher than most people with 3-5 years of working. So yes, say yes, Masamune.).

Wow, so much! Wait, now wasn’t the time for that!

“Wh, what are you talking about?”

“I’m telling you everything. Of course, I will do the housework too. If there is something you like, I will buy it for you, there is no need for you to use your allowance. I will respect your private time, if you wanted to do something alone, I will allow it.”

“This is not something a girl should say!”

Normally, shouldn’t the husband be the one to tell to his wife this instead?

“Then...how about it...”

“...Wait wait...too close....”

Elf’s face was close. Very close. I could almost felt her breathing.

“If we marry....I, you and Sagiri – can live together...We can go anywhere together. If someday, that girl’s hikikomori could be cured, we can go traveling together. Hot spring, sea, skying....don’t you think it’s going to be wonderful? We can live here too. Just some modification and the Crystal Palace will be our home, our gallery. Everywhere, from the room to the entrance will be a display of your archivement.”

Elf’s speech about our lives after marriage was too details. It included everything I could think of, made me looking forward to it.

“How about it?”

“...Everyday like that....maybe wasn’t so bad.”

“I know, right! Does it make your heart race?”

“...Yes.”

“I see....”

She drew her face closer to mine. Her pure blue eyes looked directly into mine.

“.....”

What’s with her today...even more aggressive than usual. She made my heart raced...

“Hey, are you sneakily trying to put your hand on my thighs?”

“Oh, it looked very effective.”

“Did someone teach you that weird trick!? Megumi, right?”

“Still....hm hm, Masamune, you are blushing.”

“Of course I will! I’m a normal, healthy high school student!”

Facing my sudden reaction, Elf stared at me:

“Hoho, you overreacted huh? Well, I felt embarrassed too, that was



“What about The Flame of Dark Elf!? Could it be that...”

“I’m not going to drop this. Dark Elf will be continued separately from this one.”

“Wh, why? It’s not like you are a fast writer or anything. While your anime is about to end, even if you don’t plan to continue it immediately, but with 2. sales, the second season will be a hot topic. It will be extremely busy. You will die! Really, why did you pick this time to write a new novel?”

Because I couldn’t understand, I asked her directly. Elf raised her chest, answered:

“Because I wanted to.”

“.....I see.”

I think about it for a moment, then said:

“If you wanted to....then it can’t be helped.”

Even if the situation wasn’t the best, that didn’t matter. Because she wanted to do it. Just like Muramasa-senpai said:

“If I have to name a reason for me to write a new novel, that is because I want to.”

Between numerous reasons and that single reason, I felt that I can understand the latter. I felt that doing so will make a good novel.

“Yes. That’s all.”

Elf sat down again, and slapped her hand on the spot next to her. That mean “I still have something to say, hurry and sit down”, right?

I did like she asked, said:

“So the setting is the current time?”

“Yes. Modern world. No fighting. Romance genre.”

“Hah...do you have a reason to pick this kind of novel?”

“.....”

“Do you?”

“It’s nothing.”

With a mysterious smile on her face, Elf changed the topic:

“Aside from that...just getting reference for me wasn’t very nice...so next is getting reference for you.”

“For me?”

Seeing that I still didn’t understand her, Elf glanced at me:

“You are writing a romance novel with your little sister. Of course, as a super ultra great siscon, you probably wanted to write stuff that you and your little sister wanted to do. But you can’t write it good with imagination alone, you have to use real life experience.

“You have a point.”

Elf’s statement embarrassed me.

Using my own little sister and me as a source to write novel, then asked her to draw illustration. That was probably what Elf wanted to criticize me.

But it can’t be helped! Like she said, all I could do was write about our story! I swear on my life that I only asked my little sister for help (sometime ended up being something erotic) because of a scene on my novel.

“Fufufu....I heard a lot from Sagiri.”

“Wh...what did you hear?”

Elf didn’t answer, instead she spoke with a teasing tone:

“For example, secretly trying to take peek during bath time in the name of reference.”

“Wait a sec! Sagiri! She was the peeping tom!”

Why did you sound like I took a peek at my little sister when she was bathing?

Sagiri, it’s your fault, isn’t it?

I tried to explain this misunderstanding, but...

“Is that so? Well, I thought so too.”

Elf looked like she already knew the truth.

“If you knew, then there is no need to make it sound that way....”

Hearing my question, Elf laughed “I wanted to see you flushed.”

Really....

I can't really accept that my little sister lied to me. But I'm happy to know that without me, she made some new friend.

“Listen well, Masamune. I'm going to announce something important.”

“...It's the first time I meet someone who actually said she was going to announce something important. Go ahead.”

Elf put her hands on her hips, said:

“From now on, I will take the role of your little sister! “

“Huh? Elf? As my little sister?”

Hearing her suggestion, I couldn't help but wonder for a moment.

“Onii-sama! Onii-sama! Play with me Onii-sama! Give me a hug! Play with me! Let's watch anime together! Let's go out a date between us, Onii-sama! ~~ Onii-sama ♥”

Crap, she was too cute.

Oh my! Three of Onii-sama's newest novels barely got 2. sales together? Even lower than one of my novels! Fufufu ~!”

Damn, now I don't want to be her brother anymore.

“Masamune, did you just think of me as your little sister and imagine something erotic!?”

“Nope. I'm sure that there is no better little sister than Sagiri in the world.”

“Is that so? I hate you~”

“Whatever! Say, why did you suddenly suggest this?”

Elf laughed evilly, said:

“There were some of your suggestion that Sagiri rejected. Do you want to get reference for them too?”

The topic return to the reference again.

“Of course I want to.”

“They take it now, with me as your little sister!”

“Eh...Elf, it’s going to be troublesome to be my little sister.”

“It’s okay! I’m a ~ super cute little sister.”

“Is that so?”

“Yup. A perfect solution, right? It should make you very happy.”

“I don’t really accept your reasoning...but if you are going to take Sagiri’s place to help me in getting reference...thanks.”

“Right, right?”

“Now then...let’s see...stuffs I wanted to do with my little sister huh...It was so sudden that I couldn’t think of any...”

Or rather, there were too many, so I couldn’t decide immediately. I crossed my hand, thinking.

“Say...Masamune...No, Onii-sama.”

“Yes?”

Seemed like Elf’s acting has began.

My (fake) little sister Elf...blushed, and said:

“I...If possible....can I take a bath with you, Onii-sama?”

“Wh...what?”

What are you talking about? I was deeply terrified, but my mouth refused to speak.

Elf looked like she knew what was I thinking, she said:

“You don’t want to ...because of Sagiri?”

Don’t tell her THIS, Sagiri! Really, she didn’t consider my image at all!

“Don’t you want to ...get reference?”

“Well....”

Well...It's not like I don't want reference....! No no no no no no!!!! I was half-joking when I told Sagiri that, if she agreed I'd had her wear a swimsuit, so I need to ask Elf to put a swimsuit on — wait wait, now wasn't the time to think that!

“Don't, don't make such joke! It's not good for my heart!”

“This...this is not something I can joke about....”

Elf's face was deeply reddened, her hands were twitching.

“But....”

There was nothing I can do other than trying to lean back as far as I could. Thus...it ended up with Elf completely on top of me —

“Alright, let's do it, Onii-sama!”

“Even Shiba Miyuki-chan wouldn't say something like this!!!!” (TL Note: Shiba Miyuki is the protagonist's little sister in Mahouka. She is beautiful, talent, perfect in anyway...and a hardcore brocon. )

She clearly didn't have any intention to wear a swimsuit! She planned to go to the bath nude!

Elf tried to unbutton my shirt, while I did my best to resist!

“Fufufufufu!!! All buttons undone!!! ~~~~~”

“Aghhhhhh!!! Hentai! Pervert! Save me Sagiri! Sagiri —!!!”

There was an elder brother begging his little sister for help. Somehow, when Elf was about to undress me — her phone rang like a rejection

\*Beep beep beep beep beep beep\*

“.....”

“.....”

Both me and Elf stopped, looked at her smartphone. With a displeasure expression, Elf picked it up, said in an annoyed tone:

“Hello?”

“It's me, Sagiri.”

I heard that too, because my face and Elf's was a bit too close.

"...Sagiri? How? Why are you calling me now?"

"Nii-san is at your place, right?"

"...Yes. So?"

"...Elf-chan, my capricious ruined your date, I'm so sorry."

"Okay then. So, what's up?"

"Repay"

"Huh?"

"I will do it too."

"...Is that why you call?"

"Yes."

".....Can you see what we just did over here?"

"No, of course not."

"Is that so? Really? Why does I feel that you sound angry?"

"It's true. I'm not mad...eh...is it going to be a problem if I see you now?"

"Nah, it's not a problem. Just remembering to repay me is already enough."

"I see. Then see you later."

"Later."

\*Click\*

"....."

With a darkened expression, Elf took a long look at the phone before turned to me:

".....Masamune, do you have a recording device or anything similar on your body? Just now the timing was way too perfect."

"That was the power of love."

"Keh ~ she destroyed the good atmosphere."

What good atmosphere are you talking about?

Elf left my side, stretched her body, said:

“So, Onii-sama? Is there any reference do you want to take? Doing something together with your little sister?”

I rebuttoned my shirt, said:

“Because of you, all I could think of is erotic stuff.”

“Erotic stuff is fine too.”

Elf only whispered that, but she was clearly very embarrassed.

.....The truth is seeing her like that made my heart raced faster than seeing her attack me aggressively. But I wouldn't say it out loud.

In order to hide my emotion, I said in a cold tone:

“I already have someone I like. I won't do that.”

“You meant Sagiri? Didn't she reject you?”

“...Even that didn't change my heart.”

“Isn't your feeling toward Sagiri normal love between siblings?”

“.....”

“So that's what troubled you.”

“No, I.....”

I was surprised to see Elf guessed so correctly...but I had a solution for this, so it didn't trouble me that much.

“Yes. I like Sagiri as a little sister.”

“Even now?”

“Yes. I did feel hurt a little when she rejected me...But I think it's a good chance too, so I could focus on being a good brother for her instead. Even when we are not blood-related.”

“I want family.”

I said it again. This is my true feeling.

Elf looked at me with calculated eyes, then she said only one word:

“Really?”

She paused for a moment, before continued:

“Let me see if I got this right. At the moment, you like Sagiri as a little sister. Because of that, for now, you aren’t going to push your relationship with her, nor will you do something erotic. Because you wanted a family, you want to be a normal sibling relationship. Basically that?”

“Yes.”

“Really?”

“What do you mean? You sound like you are doubting me. Everything I said is true.”

“I knew that you are telling the truth...and that’s the problem. Real life is always much more amazing than light novel...I’m done for if I were to confess to you. The same would happen if I tried suppress myself and not say it out. Trying to use your relationship wouldn’t work either. Acting silly and telling you my true feeling was the best choice, but even that didn’t work too...Somehow, I think that Masamune route is way too hard...I feel like I’m playing an visual novel that does not allow me to save.”

“What exactly are you talking about?”

“If everything you said is true, then it’s simple.”

Elf pointed a finger at my face:

“Hurry up and like me.”

“.....”

“If you like me more than Sagiri, then you can be a normal pair of sibling with her.” Elf changed her tactic

“How, how does that make any sense?”

“Didn’t you said Brother will not have any romantic feeling toward little sister before? But it’s not the case right now. Because of that, you couldn’t become a normal pair of sibling, and that’s what troubled you. Actually, I can fix that. You want to become a normal pair of sibling with Sagiri, while I want you to like me and confess your love to me. Both of us are aiming for our happiness in life.”

“.....”

“Don’t you think that our end goal are the same?”

Very convincing. Maybe that’s true – I truly think that.

“I have one more thing to say. It’s a simple truth: I’m sure that if you like me, the relationship between you, me and Sagiri won’t turn bad.”

“How, how could you be so sure?”

Sagiri likes me as a little sister.

But she will, without a doubt, said that she doesn’t want me to go out with any other girl....probably! If I go out with Elf, wouldn’t that make it uncomfortable for us? I’m not entirely sure myself thought...

“Because....”

Hearing my question, Elf answered seriously:

“Because that child like you too. No matter who you goes out with, she wouldn’t hate you, she would try for your sake – as a little sister....just like how you support her love.”

“....”

Somehow, I felt a pain in my heart.

“Furthermore...I like Sagiri too. I will not throw a tantrum with her. We will definitely get along.”

....I think the opposite is more likely to happen

“Just leave everything to me. Let me take care of your sibling’s happiness.”

Elf patted her chest, full of conviction. As reliable as usual.

Seemed like she was embarrassed, Elf raised a finger, said in a light hearted

tone:

“By the way, that was the first and the second reason among Ten reasons why Izumi Masamune and Yamada Elf should marry.”

“Don’t say something like it’s because of fate.”

“Novelist sometimes use fate as a reason to lead the story in case they couldn’t find a more reasonable one. But I wouldn’t use it.”

“Listen to yourself...”

“Fufufu, a fair contest is the shortest route to victory.”

Amidst our laughter, we had a fun conversation. But... I could see her hidden kindness.

“I want to tell you every reason why you and I should marry, but taking too long will just backfire me, so I will tell you the main reason.”

Elf suddenly drew herself closer, said the most important words:

“Because you like me.”

“!Hey...wha...”

“I did push you, but you don’t hate me because of that, right?”

“.....”

I don’t hate her. Instead, my heart was racing, I feel very happy. There were many times I couldn’t calm down since I entered her house.

“It’s good then. If you said you don’t like it, I will cry.”

Elf breathed a sigh of relieve and patted her chest once more.

She was attacking me non-stop, but she still tried to protect me. Without a single word spoken, but still very effective.

I tried to distance myself as much as possible from her, said:

“You..well, there are many things about you that I don’t like, there are many things that make me mad...but you are a good friend, you are cute and reliable...I won’t never hate you, no matter what.”

In order to answer her feeling, I have to make it clear too.

“If someone like you like me, of course I will like you too.”

If...if the situation was different, I'd have confess already.

I'd have do as she asked, I'd call her name, asking her hand in marriage.

If. If.

The sight of Elf in front of me trembled a little. She put a hand on her chest, muttered weakly in pain:

“Is that so...thanks.”

“Ah...you are welcome..”

What should I say?

“.....”

“.....”

Damn it, I have to regain control of the situation. If this continue, the atmosphere would be ruined, but I couldn't think of anyway.

“..Unlike light novel, trying to be a tsundere in real life is way too naïve.”

Elf blushed madly and said something sound unrelated:

“Telling your true feeling toward the man you like is very embarrassing...so some people might act silly and starts teasing. If this was a story, the reader might think it's cute, but the truth is doing that make it impossible for the other to understand your true feeling. I think that someone who couldn't do that wouldn't be able to win in love. I don't want to be beaten by coward who couldn't manage to speak their true heart.”

So, I will say it out.

Elf suddenly stood up in nervous. She looked directly at me with a million watt smile.

“I love you, Masamune.”



~~~~~

I felt that someone just hit me hard in the head. Like someone just kill me.  
But I forced my brain to work, forcing my mind to answer.

“Wh, why?”

Dangerous! So dangerous! I almost fell for her.

I did manage to not fall – but that didn’t mean that I’m out of danger yet. I could only keep my head down, without any courage to meet Elf’s eyes.

“Why...why do you like me? Did I do something for you?”

Why me? I don’t know. If this is a light novel, maybe only the reader could notice something, but too bad this is real life.

“Ah....”

Elf breathed out.

“...Let, let’s talk a bit about the past...”

Elf’s embarrassment is at the maximum level. Of course, my heart was racing like crazy too.

“When we first meet...do you remember what you said?”

“Our first meeting?”

If I remembered correctly, it was like meeting a competitor...did we taunt each other?

“You, you said, by reading my novel, you felt that you are saved...didn’t you?”

“...Yes, I did.”

That was when my parents passed away. Sagiri turned into a hikikomori, we began to live together.

Everyday was so quiet, so hard.

Because...I read Elf’s novel, it was the first time I smiled in a long time.

It was a funny moment, but I cried while laughing. I laughed, and regained my spirit.

I truly think...that I was saved by light novel...

And I told Elf about how grateful I was.

“That was...when I noticed you.”

“Because...of that?”

“You must have some similar experience, for example...during an autograph event, suddenly you feel a friendship with someone that increased to an almost friendly level.”

Did I?

Muramasa-senpai is the best example. At first, I hated her so much, but the moment she said she is my fan – I like her in an instant.

“Since than moment, your image in my heart changed from someone I don’t know to someone I noticed. At first, I thought of you as a fan who lived next to me ...but then after that, when we played together, had a conversation, after I knew you better...I began to think more about you.”

“ .....

“Talking with you, teasing you...is fun. Before that, I have never been close to a boy like that...Aniki, um, he is a too big for me, and you know how he is...so you are the first one who was about my age that I could play with...Anyway, somehow...it turned out this way! Even I’m not sure myself!”

A super cute girl was telling me why she liked me. Which part of me that she like. How much she like me.

Tear began to swell up in her eyes. Her face was so red that I could see a thin layer of mist.

This is the most exciting moment of my life!

“But if I have to name a time and place...that I began to like you —“

Elf’s small and tender lips slightly rose.

“That was when I lose to Sagiri.”

“Sagiri? When did that happen? I did have a competition with you —“



always jealous of my mother. Before he passed away – he said that he hope that I would find happiness.”

Just like me, Elf’s father is no longer among the living.

Elf said with conviction.

“I must find my happiness.”

“Same here.”

I nodded.

For my parents, who were long gone. For my aunt, who I had been misunderstanding. For my little sister. For myself.

I must find my happiness.

Elf said in confidence:

“In order for me to be happy, you are necessary. Marry me, and your sibling will be happy too.”

“I agree.”

“So, Masamune. Love me.”

“I refuse.”

Elf suddenly stood up.

“Why?”

“Because I have someone I like.”

I meet her eyes with the same response before.

“Mwu...”

Elf pouted and glared dagger at me.

“I thought I got you.”

“Because of a pair of socking.”

“Huh?”

“I got a pair of socking.”

I raised a leg. I was wearing my favorite sock.

Sagiri gave it to me. She made it herself, with some small illustration.

Just now, when I looked down, I saw it.

“I like you a lot. I trouble you a lot. I admire you a lot....I feel honoured to be liked by you.”

**“But there is someone I like even more than you.”**

“.....”

Elf listened to me with a displeased expression.

“I see.”

She bit her lower lips in frustration.

“I manage to beat the boss to its remaining .1% Hp, but I couldn't get to pass this magic.”

Those words didn't really suit the situation, right?

“Life is a game.”

Elf acted tough, raised her chest and announced:

“It's meaningless without some difficulty.”

A few seconds.

Just a few seconds and she was laughing again.

“You have such happy life.”

“Hm, hey you. The first time we meet, you couldn't have guess that you would like me, right?”

“.....”

“So...let's make another guess...what would our relationship be this time, next year?”

“Who knows?”

But at least, it will be different.

Just like our relationship now is very different from last year.

“I’m looking forward to it.” Elf said

“Me too.”

“...By the way Masamune, how many volumes did your Sekaimo have now?”

“Huh? Well...volume 4 will be published this June.”

“...Oh...so...your dream is about to come, right?”

“If everything goes well. But there is no news about it now – by the way, you sounded like it’s better if my dream didn’t come.”

I glanced at her. Elf said with a calm tone

“Alright, it’s decided. I will settle it before Izumi’s siblings came.”

# Chapter 4

A day in June, at a certain publishing company.

After the talk show of Sekaimo is over, Kagurazaka-san told me this:

“Izumi-sensei, about your part in writing a chain novel...”

This was an event which they asked me to take part in writing a chain novel. I have agreed and got a lot done already.

I answered with confidence:

“That huh? I’m almost done, just need to proofcheck them.”

“As expected of Izumi-sensei, so fast. Please keep up your good work.”

“Yes. Is there anything else?”

Everything was done, so I wanted to hurry and return home, to my little sister. However, Kagurazaka-san said in a serious tone:

“Actually, there is something important.”

“What is it?”

From her tone alone I could tell that this wasn’t anything good.

“It was about Muramasa-sensei.”

Senjyu Muramasa.

An author who is way more famous than me. She is my senior, but also younger. A black-haired beauty in kimono, a special person to me.

“What’s wrong with Muramasa-senpai?”

“...If this continues, Fantasy Blade will be cancelled.”

Fantasy Demon Blade Legend – this is her most famous novel.

“Oh, did she get writer’s block? I thought that she would get past it in no time. After all, she isn’t someone who could NOT write.”

It wasn't very nice of me to say it, but the simple truth is Muramasa-senpai is very different from Shidou-kun. There is no need to worry or try to help her, she could do fine on her own.

"No, that wasn't the problem." Kagurazaka-san scratched her cheek  
"Muramasa-sensei is still writing normally."

"So what is the problem?"

"She just won't give me her manuscript."

"....."

"Hahaha...." Both of us laughed. I said:

"Did you do something to piss her off?"

"What are you talking about, why do you immediately assume it's my fault?"

"You did, didn't you? Probably something along the lines of deciding stuff yourself without asking for her permission, or answering fans in her place..."

"I ~ never ~~~~ did any of that!!!"

Really?

"There is no editor like you said that exists in the world!"

Muramasa-senpai never agreed to an interview, but stories about her kept showing up in magazines. Kagurazaka-san is the most likely culprit.

But still, it wasn't enough to get mad. Yeah, something is not right here.

"Anyway, bye. See you later."

When I was about to stand up, Kagurazaka-san suddenly took my hand.

"Yes?"

"Wait, don't go."

"I want to go home....and you are hurting me."

"Izumi-sensei...you have good relationship with Muramasa-sensei, right? Can you go get the manuscript for me, please?"

"Why me?"

“I think Muramasa-sensei is avoiding me. And I already said that the newest volume will be published, I need that manuscript. You wouldn’t want Fantasy Blade to be cancelled, right?”

“Of course not!”

But I have to add: this is YOUR job, not mine.

“If her beloved Izumi-sensei appeared, Muramasa-sensei would be much easier to deal with...”

“Uuuuu....”

I felt my face getting hotter...

She is my fan after all. And I did have some affection toward her.

“About that...”

“I will take care of any travel expense, and I will give you a bonus too.”

“Well....”

I was leaning toward yes at this point. My recent novel was selling well, but more money is always welcome.

Still —

“Beside — don’t you want to know about the private life of a famous female novelist?”

“Of course I do!”

How is her normal life? How is her family? How does she write her novel...

Yes, I do want to know. But opening my mouth to ask is embarrassing...

“But....”

Just because of my impure reason....

Kagurazaka-san showed an evil grin, continued:

“All for the sake of Fantasy Blade, for Muramasa-sensei, for the publishing company, for the light novel industry! Izumi-sensei, will you do it?”

“Just leave it to me!!!”

And that's how I agreed to do her job.

The next day, I was on my way to Muramasa-senpai's house.

It was a Sunday morning, so not many people were around. The morning light passed through the windows and shone upon us.

"I wonder what Muramasa-chan's house will be like...."

It was Sagiri, her voice coming from the tablet I carried with me.

While we could hold a conversation, it wasn't very polite to do so in a train. So we instead communicated by text message.

"Hm....based on how clueless she was, I think her house would similar to a samurai's house."

That was my next door neighbor, Elf.

When I said I was on my way to meet Muramasa-senpai, she said "Sounds fun, I'm going too," and stuck with me.

By the way, none of us contacted Muramasa-senpai beforehand. She didn't pick up her phone, so what's the point of having it in the first place? She didn't have a cell phone either, so we had no way to contact her even if we wanted.

Asking Kagurazaka-san for help is even more out of the question. She kept repeating again and again, telling us to "steal" ( =< That was her exact word ) the manuscript back.

However, I doubt Muramasa-senpai thinks of herself as a novelist.

And so Elf, Sagiri, and I began to imagine about Muramasa-senpai's home.

"I bet it will be full of traps. A single step past the corridor will make it rain arrows!"

"Just like a ninja's home! Wonderful!" Elf exclaimed.

"Elf-sensei, since you were abroad for a long time, I can tell you that those stories are just jokes. Both ninja and samurai don't exist in modern Japan's society anymore."

“Eh?” \* 2

Why was Sagiri even surprised?

“So everything in your story is a lie, Nii-san?”

“I did write about a beautiful female ninja, but that was just a story, do you understand?”

“I thought that Japanese all have special skills, like they could keep fighting no matter how damaged their body is?”

“Those are just baseless rumors!”

“Of course I know that.”

“You have lived in Japan long enough!

She was teasing me...

“Still....a ninja’s home might be too much, but I do think that Muramasa’s house would be an antique one.”

“It might be.”

“I wonder what Muramasa-chan’s house is like?”

“She seemed like a member of a family with a long lineage, I couldn’t imagine her everyday life.”

We could only have some small talk, but at least the topic was something we were all interested in.

“Online friends like us were used to calling each other by nickname instead of real name. In fact, even in cases where the relationship was better, I doubt people would actually ask for real life stuff.”

“Well, that’s how online friends are — don’t use each other’s real name, nor ask for private information.”

“Muramasa-senpai never told anyone her real name.”

“Haha ~~ I already told you my real name.”

“...Ahahah....”

Elf’s laugh shook me a bit.

Emily. Be sure to call me by that name when you ask my hand in marriage.

“.....”

“.....”

Suddenly, we all became quiet.

“Nii-san.”

“!?! Yes?”

“When you return, make sure to bring a gift.

“...Er...is candy okay?”

Phew...wait, why am I startled?

After arriving at Chiba, we left the train and took the bus to the station closest to Muramasa-senpai's house. Just walking an hour, the scene has changed a lot, everywhere looking like the countryside.

After arriving at Chiba, we left the train and took the bus to the bus station which is the closest from Muramasa-senpai's house. Just walking an hour and the scene has changed a lot, everywhere look like the countryside.

Turning back, an old woman at the bus station was smiling at us.

“Look! Mountains! Rice fields! This really is Japan's countryside!”

“Be quiet, please.”

This girl! She made me lose my place!

Sagiri also voiced her opinions via the tablet.

“Did Muramasa-chan come all the way from here to Tokyo...?”

“Ohohoho, why doesn't she move to Arakawa Ward? She must have more than enough money.”

“She is used to living here, I doubt she could stand Arakawa.”

I don't think my area's situation is that bad though...

I took a look around:

“Alright, where is her house?”

“If you have the address, call a cab.”

“Elf, you are half-way to a hikikomori, you should walk around more.”

“!Eh ~~?”

“Right right! Elf-chan, outdoor activities are very important!”

“Sagiri! A hardcore hikikomori like you has no right to say that!

“Alright alright, this way please....”

We finally arrived.

“Masamune! Masamune! What’s that? It’s like a pumping station!”

“Oh? Ah, that’s a spray well.”

“Wow, spray well? I didn’t know they look like this!”

The more we walked, the more antique the scene became. It felt like we were travelling into the past. In fact, sometimes we went for 20 minutes without seeing a single house. Everything was both simple and natural, with the sound of insects chirping non-stop.

That was where we found Muramasa-senpai’s home.

“Umenozo.”

A few words were written in the wooden name plate. Just like Elf expected, this house looked like it belonged to the samurai of the past. From behind its wall, a willow tree stood high, its branches nearly touching the ground outside of the home.

“Look! Masamune! Sagiri! This is really a ninja’s house! When Muramasa got angry, we could all feel her killing intent! This is something only a female ninja could have!

“No, no...this is not a ninja’s home...how should I put it...it feels like...”

“A home of a great novelist?”

“The home of a great novelist?”

Sagiri said. I nodded in agreement.

“Yes, it does feel that way.”

It felt like an antique image, like the surrounding area was frozen in time for 50 years.

“Anyway, it really suited her image.”

“Wow ~ if I lived here, I might become a great novelist too!”

“Nah, you wouldn’t.”

My little sister coldly said.

Elf happily went to the door, then turned back to me:

“Masamune! There is no door bell!”

“For real?”

Yes...this house...doesn’t have a bell...

“...Now what?”

I wanted to ask this question too. Without a bell, how could we notify the people inside?

Before I could think of anything, Elf already began to hit the door, shouting:

“Any ~~~~ body ~~~~ home ~~~!!!”

“You!!!!!!”

“What? I’m calling to them.”

“I can see that, but is that how you call people? Use something else!”

“Is that so? Then ~~~~ Mura ~~~~ masa ~~~ chan!! Come out and play!!!”

It was even worse...!

I couldn’t even stop her, since Elf was hitting the door as hard as she could. Maybe because we made too much noise, the door quickly opened.

The person behind it was —

“.....Who are you all?”

A thin man in his kimono. His face showed many wrinkles, making it difficult to guess his age. His eyes were very sharp, I could almost feel his gaze.

“!!!”

I unconsciously took a few steps back. But in the end, facing this terrifying man is a job for a man (me).

“Pleased to meet you. I’m Izumi Masamune. We are friends of Senjyu Muramasa-sensei —”

Before I could finish —

“Go home.”

The door slammed shut.

“Ehhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh???”

Wh..what...just happened?

“Wait! Why did you close the door! Open it up!!!”

While I was stunned speechless, Elf angrily rushed forward and hit the door until it opened again.

“I’m not going to let my daughter meet someone from the publishing company again!”

Then the door slammed shut again.

“ .....

“ .....

“ .....

We all looked at each other. What else can we do?

Kagurazaka-san...you really are good, to think you could ask for a manuscript from this house. He doesn’t even let you say a word before slamming the door into your face, how could you get your result? Amazing.

“He said daughter, so he must be Muramasa-chan’s father, right?”

“...Probably.”

“Maybe.”

Their appearance, their characters were so similar. If Muramasa-senpai was a boy and 20 years older, she would look like that.

“But why does it feel like I have seen him somewhere before...”

“Nii-san, is that someone you know?”

“No...someone so terrifying...i should....not know him....”

Where have I seen him?

“Anyway, let’s leave it at that. What can we do now?” I asked Elf and Sagiri.

“We are already here, there is no way we could go back empty handed.”

“But....he won’t open the door for us.”

Let’s sneak in! It’s a steal mission! Make your way past a mountain of traps and rescue your princess! Elf suggested.

“...You are just making it up, help me think of some realistic way.”

“I’m serious!”

Don’t tilt your head and try to act cute!

“...Wait a sec. Let me ask Kagurazaka-san if she’s got any idea.”

I sent her a message, which stressed “scary father” and “terrifying.”

Less than ten seconds later, I got a reply. It said —

“Masamune, what does your editor say?”

“Let me see...er.... 「Thank you, it’s Kagurazaka. About what you asked, there was a lot of trees in the eastern side of the house, use that. Please be careful.」.”

“.....”

Careful my ass!

“Careful? So she got the same idea as Elf!”

I didn’t imagine that your editor knew ninja arts too! Now that you mention it, her name Ayame really sounds like a female ninja!” (TL note: Ayame is the

name of a female ninja in the Tenchu series, which is a famous ninja series from 2004 on the Playstation.)

“.....Seriously, is that a thief skill? Sagiri asked. I replied:

“Well, now I really do need that skill.”

“Ahaha, I heard that there was a case where the author ran away, forcing the editor to investigate and follow till Las Vegas.”

“That was just a rumor.”

“Compared to those novelists who run abroad to hide, a novelist who enjoys playing Monster Hunter with her editor is much cuter, right?”

“You play game with your elder brother?”

“Cow could you know that? No, it can't be helped. I have made up my mind, before I get the purple item set, I will not work.” (TL Note: Probably a high level or rare item set, I don't know since I don't play this game) (Editor note: It's either an epic gear set, which is typically purple in rarity, or the Yian Garuga armor set, which is purple in style.)

“But you told me that recently, anime made you so busy that you didn't have time to play?”

“It was in the past.”

“Go home and begin your work now!”

“If I gave up half-way, I would be in no mood to work.”

She is so shameless.

“Besides....” Elf turned to me, speaking in a mysterious tone, “I don't feel at ease...if I leave you here alone.”

“What do you mean? Muramasa-senpai's father is scary, true, but it's not like I'm going to face him.”

“No no ~ I meant ~ something else~”

Elf smiled and looked at the tablet in my hand.

“Right?”

A conversation that only girls can understand...I was left aside while standing right here....

I coughed loudly, putting the conversation back on its track:

“What now ? We can’t do anything at this rate —“

“Huh? Just do like I said.”

Elf mimicked a ninja and made a hand seal like in N\*ruto, like she was about to unleash a ninja art.

“.....Stop kidding me.”

I felt so powerless. Climb the wall? Are you kidding me, if the police arrived then I’m as good as dead.

Finally, we went to the eastern side to see where Kagurazaka-san told us. True, when we arrived we saw many trees, but most of them weren’t very high.

“...So Kagurazaka-san was telling the truth.”

She must be a skill thief. Call her Cat’s Eye Ayame from now on!”

She was born abroad, and spent most of her childhood overseas. To think that even she knew this name, seemed like she was deeply affected by Japanese culture.

“Alright, let’s do it!”

Elf pulled her sleeves up and walked toward the tree. I stopped her.

“Hold on a minute.”

“Huh? You are not stopping me.”

“Let me do it. Just take this and find somewhere safe to wait.”

“Nii-san, are you going to climb up?” Sagiri asked from the tablet.

I nodded, but Elf said “no” and did not take the tablet from me.

“Let me do it. If they found out, someone as cute as me would be easier to forgive than you.”

Well, that might be true.

“Are you going to climb in those clothes?”

“Crap...”

Her frilly dress is cute, but unsuited for such activities.

“See?”

“.....Grr”

Elf looked displeased, but she sighed, giving up.

“If the old man from before finds out, you can blame everything on Cat’s Eye Ayame.”

Of course —

Still, I didn’t plan to actually go past the wall. It’s just that if I didn’t do anything, Elf would, so I planned to climb up, take a look around, then get down.

“Phew...phew...”

Breathing heavily, I was climbing with the dumbest pose in the world. It took me quite some time to find a place to put my foot down.

“Masamune ~~~ are you okay ~~~” Elf shouted from below.

“Shhhhhh! I’m okay! Be quiet! What if he found me!”

Seeing that Elf was covering her mouth, I calmed down and took a look. Behind the wall, there was a small pond with trees, glasses. Further away, there was a small room, with a girl inside.

“.....Ah.....uuuuuuuuu.....um.....”

The black-haired beauty flexed her shoulder. Today, she wore a green sleeping suit; her breast looked like it was about to pop her clothes open!

“ — Uuughhh.”

I can swear that I just swallowed because her image today was so different from the usual, not because of some dirty thought.

Yes. The girl who just woke up, who was defenseless was Senjyu Muramasa-

senpai.

Now...what? I found her....

Should I call her? If I did that in the current situation, would people treat me like a stalker? Is there anyway for me to explain myself?

I was hesitating, but time didn't wait for anyone.

"I wanna sleep more...but I should get up...."

Normally, how could I see Muramasa-senpai in such a lazy state?

"Um ~~"

She patted her cheek, then called with an unbelievably sweet tone:

"Papaaaaaaaaa ~~"

Papa???

What? Sen, senpai? What did you just say? Papa?

I felt my whole body freeze up.

"Papa, breakfast ~~~~"

She called again, still in that sweet tone. This time, someone did answer. A voice which I'm familiar with.

"Coming ~~ ♥"

If this was a manga, there must be a "!" above my head by now.

To think that Muramasa-senpai's father would have such stiff expression.

And....his tone...was so sweet! It even got a heart shape at the end....!!

"...Crap...crap..."

While I was trying to get down, my ear still picked up her conversation. Looked like Muramasa-senpai was talking with her father.

"Papa, it was so noisy just now. Who was that?"

"Ah, someone from the publishing company ~~ Papa has chased them all away!"

Hey!!

If this was a manga, I bet a vein would have been popped on my forehead.

He continued:

“Hana-chan, breakfast is ready, hurry and get changed.”

“Sure ~~”

The girl called Hana happily replied, then she began to undress.

So this is her room – no, crap, crap, crap!!!

If this continued, she would completely undress...while I have a front row seat to see.

Muramasa-senpai ! You are so careless! Window! Close the window, please!!!

“I....It....it’s ....not ....good...”

\*Creekkkkkk\*

Since I was trembling on the tree, the branch groaned loudly. Elf asked, concerned for my well-being:

“Ma, Masamune, are you okay?”

“Sh!!! Quiet! It’s nothing! Nothing at all!”

I’m dead if I was found out now. There is no way I could explain this.

“Really? You look so serious, what did you see?”

“...I can’t say it. It’s better if you and Sagiri don’t know.”

I replied seriously, then turned back to the room.

“Ah.”

My eyes meet the girl’s eyes.

“.....”

Her hand was touching her button. The sacred treasure was about to be opened. It looked like a dream.



“.....”

“.....”

Of course, for me, it was like hell. I broke into cold sweat.

“Wh...wh...why.....”

Finally, she showed a reaction:

“Why....why....why are you hereeeeeeeeeeee!!!”

Puff! Her face instantly reddened.

“No, no, don't loooooooooooooooooooooooooookkkk!!!”

Muramasa-senpai took a nearby pillow and threw it perfectly at my face.

And then —

“Any, anyway, I...I got it.”

Ten minutes later, we finally arrived at the Umenozo house's living room to explain for Muramasa-senpai. We told her everything, from why we came here to why I climbed up the tree. Of course, I mentioned the manuscript for Demon Fantasy Blade Legend too, but that was later.

Muramasa-senpai has changed into her usual kimono. She was sitting in front of me, separated by a tablet. Elf sat next to me.

Her father wasn't here. Of course he wanted to stay, but Muramasa-senpai said, “Papa, go out” and pushed him away.

He really treasured his daughter.

“Uuuuu.....”

Muramasa-senpai groaned, her face still red.

“I got it....I can't believe it....you guys....who should I be angry with....”

“Anyway, I didn't come here to peak at you. That's all you need to know!”

“No no, don't say it again!”

Muramasa-senpai covered her face with her hands. Elf coldly said:

“...So, let’s think back when Masamune climb up the tree — Sh!!! Quiet! It’s nothing! Nothing at all! “

“Don’t say something so misleading!”

“Ma, Masamune!”

“No senpai, please listen to me! I just lost focus for a moment, there is no way I kept staring at you when you began to change!”

“Mwuuuuuuuu.....please forget it...forget it.”

“.....Nii-san.....bad.”

“Ah ~ you made a girl cry ~ what a horrible man.”

“Ugh.”

Taking a combination attack from three girls (one is a tablet) made me really want to cry.

“Sorry!”

I stood up and bowed deeply.

“No, no, I...was too much too...I’m not that angry anyway, so there is no need to apologize...Just...it was so embarrassing!”

Senpai shook her head in embarrassment, still hiding behind her hand. I myself think that she looked cutest this way, though.

“Ah....what am I doing...”

Probably satisfied with seeing how beaten I was, Elf and Sagiri changed their target to Muramasa-senpai.

“Ne, ne, Muramasa-chan, Muramasa-chan.”

“We have many things we wanted to say.”

“First, can you explain something really small for us?”

“...Wh, what?”

Both of the said in unison:

“What is with Papa” \*2

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh”

Muramasa-senpai screamed (cutely) then fell backward, her eyes turned into > <. Her mouth also changed into a ㄟ shape, she didn't say anything.

“.....”

Just like a cornered criminal, I could see she broke into cold sweat.

“.....”

She kept the silence for a minute, then finally....

“Huh, what are you talking about?”

“You are playing dumb?”

Even Elf was speechless at how shameless she was. I couldn't stand it either.

“Sen, senpai...it's so obvious that you are acting dumb...”

“Huh, what are you talking about? I don't understand anything!”

“Papa, go out! I will explain later! Go outside!”

Elf repeated senpai's word earlier, she even mimicked the tone.

“I heard that myself.”

“You misheard.”

“I saw it too. Senpai, you were wearing sleeping suit, you said Papa, breakfast ~~~~.”

“It was just a magic.”

Just like an ending a fighting novel, she kept trying to ignore us.

“So you have no intention of answering huh...then...”

Elf looked a bit angry, she put her hand around her mouth like speaker, shouted:

“Papa! Come here for a momentttt ~~~~~”

She...she....

I could only stared in shock. At the same time, the door opened —

“Did you call me?”

....He really came.

By the way, Muramasa-senpai’s father was still had a stiff expression....while wearing an apron with a bear image.

What a surreal scene....

Senpai was the first one recovered, she jumped up:

“Pa — father! Why are you here!”

“Because...someone call me? The girl over here...”

“Yes. I call you.”

Elf happily waved back, then asked:

“I have a question for you. What does your daughter call you at home?”

“Papa.”

“Wahhhhhhhhhhhhh”

Muramasa-senpai jumped between us and waved her hands, trying to erase what just happened. Of course it didn’t work.

“See?”

“Only at home! Is there a problem with that?”

“Nah, but are you embarrassed?”

“I think it’s cute. I thought you would call your father Dad , but this is okay too.”

Sagiri agreed. Of course both of their opinions couldn’t cheer senpai up.

“Uuuuuuuuuuu.”

Muramasa-senpai squatted down, still hiding her face. Elf didn’t stop her attack.

“Okay, now is the second question.”

“What is it?”

Senpai looked up. Elf looked at Muramasa-senpai’s father, asked:

“You are the one who cooks meals, right?”

“Yes.”

“On, only on Sunday. Normally I help too! It’s not like he cooks everyday!”

So that’s why he was the one who opened the door?

“Masamune, you have to trust me!”

“Yes yes, I trust you! Alright?”

Stop rocking my neck back and forth! Why did you ask me alone?

While Muramasa-senpai was strangling me, her father sternly looked at us, said:

“...Since my daughter asked, I went outside. But ...what is your relationship with my daughter?”

His clothing was ridiculous, but his aura was unchanged. I answered:

“Just like I said, we are co-worker of Senjyu Muramasa-sensei....”

“No, that wasn’t what I asked.”

“Huh?”

“What I meant to say is, how close you all are?”

Elf noticed, then she laughed and put a hand over Muramasa-senpai’s shoulder.

We are friends. Good friends. Right, Muramasa-chan?”

“.....Yes, friend...for now at least.” Muramasa-senpai replied uncertainly.

Even Sagiri added “....Friend.”

“...Is that so.”

Muramasa-senpai’s father nodded before turned to me:

“And you?”

“.....”

If I answered wrong, would he kill me on the spot?

So this is the “life and death choice” that people talked about.

What should I answer then...let’s go with friend for safety...

I took a deep breath —

Before I could say anything, Muramasa-senpai interrupted:

“He is Izumi Masamune-sensei, the novelist whose book that I like, the one I like too.”

Crap!!!

“\_\_\_\_\_”

Muramasa-senpai’s father froze. Elf and Sagiri added:

“By the way, he is my boyfriend.”

“.....But he said that he likes me the most.”

Hey!!! Don’t say something so dangerous!!!

It sound like I was three-timing!!! If I was a father of any girl here, then that boy would not leave here alive!!!

“That, that was a misunderstanding!!”

I was about to explain, but Muramasa-senpai added:

“I’m going to tell you someday.”

Now I have nowhere to run.

“.....”

Her father looked at me and Muramasa-senpai, then said:

“Misunderstanding?”

“Yes! This is all a misunderstanding!”

Of course aside from Elf, everyone was technically telling the truth. But the timing was horrible!

Besides, unlike Elf, Muramasa-senpai said it in a very innocent tone. So it was even worse.

“...I understand.”

Phew....

Thankfully he seemed to get it. He nodded with us:

“.....Let me show you my collection of swords and knives.”

“I understand!!!”

Nope, I took that back. He still didn't understand!!

“Oh, don't worry. They are just 100% replica, not a real sword.”

“So it's a real sword then!!”

“It was a joke.”

He didn't sound like he was joking. Like father, like daughter. They said they were joking, but their face was totally serious.

He “Hmm” then changed the topic:

“Have you eaten breakfast?”

“Yes.”

“We ate before coming.”

“We haven't, since today is a weekend. Please wait here for a while.”

“Yes.”

It's not a good idea to keep them from eating. The manuscript that Kagurazaka-san asked can wait. Both Elf and Sagiri agreed.

“Then let's eat, Hana-chan.”

“Yes...I'm going out for a while. Feel free to read a book while waiting.”

Her eyes stopped at a bookshelf, which is full of hard cover novels.

“Oh, Muramasa, you are – Hana-chan?”

“Oh...um...”

Senpai looked down in hesitation, then she turned to us:

“My name is Umenozo Hana...please take care of me.”

Senjyu Muramasa, real name Umenozo Hana.

What an embarrassing explanation.

We wait for Muramasa-senpai at the living room.

“Phew....I’m so nervous.”

Finally I can take a break.

“I thought I was done for.”

“Ha, you are lucky that he didn’t draw a blade and strike you down immediately.”

“Don’t joke like that!”

That’s why people say a woman is equally dangerous as a drawn blade.

Sagiri’s voice came from the tablet:

“So...Hana-chan, huh.”

“She told us her real name.”

“Just as I foresaw, what a cute name.”

“So...how should we call her from now on?”

“Just Hana-chan. Bet she will be embarrassed.”

“Don’t do that. Have some pity.”

“Hoh ~?”

Aside from some very close friends – normally, online friends only use a nickname or penname when meeting – using a real name is embarrassing.

Still, since my penname is my real name too, I don’t feel anything too much about this topic.

Elf lowered her tone, like she was about to change the subject “Well...”

“Masamune, Sagiri...I ...remember something very important.”

“Huh?”

“What’s it?”

“...You guys, take a look at this bookshelf.” She pointed at the bookshelf by the wall.

“What’s so special about it?”

“Don’t you see anything?”

What? I can’t exactly see anything out of ordinary.

“Nii-san, I can’t see anything.”

“Alright...”

I put the tablet closer

“Huh?”

“Ah...” \*2

Both of us realized.

We saw “the author’s name” of those hard-cover books. All of them were written by the same author.

It said clearly that : Author – Umenozo Rintarou.

“Isn’t that a big shot? Wait, Umenozo? Don’t tell me...”

“That’s correct...”

Elf came to my side, confirming what I just noticed. Sagiri also said:

“Nii-san, Elf-chan...I just search for his image from the Internet. Take a look.”

She showed us the result.

“It’s really him!”

“I knew it!”

Both me and Elf looked at the image of Umenozo Rintarou. While this image was much younger than the real person, everyone could see that just adding a kimono, he would look exactly like Muramasa-senpai’s father.

“So — the great novelist Senjyu Muramasa is the daughter of the great novelist Umenozo Rintarou?”

“Hoh, so both of them are novelists.” Elf concluded.

“What a surprise.” I took a book and exclaimed.

“Nii-san, have you read his book?”

“Yes. His books aren’t really my type, but I knew that all of them are very famous.”

I explained a bit for Sagiri about Umenozo Rintarou. Since telling everything would take too long, I had no choice but to cut some corner.

“- Anyways, this feeling has become one with any talk show.”

“So he is really good?”

“Of course.”

While light novel and hardcover books are different – Senjyu Muramasa wasn’t behind Umenozo Rintarou, both are famous.

“So...is his book good?”

“No, it’s boring.”

That wasn’t me. That was someone’s answer in a tired tone.

“Muramasa-senpai.”

“Sorry for keeping you waiting.”

She entered the room and stopped next to me, her eyes focused on the book in my hand.

“Father’s book is boring. At least I think so.”

“.....”

Yup, that explains why she has to write her own story to read – because she couldn’t find any good books.

“I only like Masamune’s book.”

Wow...saying that with such an innocent face...I feel so good.

“...While your words fill me with happiness...please, I beg you, never tell your father that.”

“But I already told him.”

“No wonder he was so hard on me!”

“So the reason we were almost kicked out before starting is Nii’san!”

“...Yeah, that sounds about right.”

Hm, now thinking back, during our first meeting, Muramasa-senpai’s father already looked strange.

But she shook her head.

“No, no. It’s not related to my favorite novel. Father just doesn’t want me to meet someone from the publishing company.”

“Why?”

“Seems like he doesn’t want me to become a novelist.”

“But you are a novelist already.”

“I have no intention of giving up, either...”

Since her novel was long published, Muramasa-senpai is already a novelist.

“Looked like father was worried (or worrying? Not sure which would be better in context) about something...”

“Ahhh — “ \*3

Aside from Muramasa-senpai, everyone immediately figured it out.

“Considering how focused you are when writing, of course your family would be worried.”

“He must be very worried. He doesn’t want to see you forgo everything to write, so he tried to distance you from the publishing company.”

“So...Nii-san is a harmful virus to Muramasa-chan.”

Don’t say it like that!? Why do you make me into a criminal?

Not that I think about it, considering how your family is, it’s a wonder that Kagurazaka-san could convince you to publish your first novel.”

How the heck could she convince him?

“Back then, my father wasn’t like that.”

“Probably because he had no idea about your situation yet.”

“Maybe. Beside, Kagura.....zaka-san....”

Hey, you just forgot her name, right?

“She...she seems to be the daughter of my father’s savior.”

“Huh? For real?”

“Yes...so my father was easy on her.”

“I see. Everything is clear now.”

I’m not sure what this sentence is trying to say at all. My best guess would be: Now I understand how she could still be okay after climbing into this home more than once!

“Any other editor and my father would have drawn his blade.”

I don’t know if she was joking or not, but it’s scary.

“Hm, if that’s the case, then I doubt your father would agree with the reason we came here .”

“Reason?” Muramasa-senpai tilted her head.

“Just like I said, I came to get your manuscript.”

“Ah! That!”

“Right. We didn’t come here to play.”

“Wait a sec, Elf. Didn’t you say it’s interesting before sticking with me?”

“Did I? Who cares? Elf said, before thrusting her finger at Muramasa-senpai:

“Why didn’y you give her your manuscript?”

“Because I’m mad with her.”

So it’s Kagurazaka-san’s fault.

Elf continued:

“Reason?”

“.....Because she pushed me.”

“Pushed? You?”

“.....That article in the magazine... about writing a chain novel....”

“Chain nove?” I think back “You mean...the one that I’m taking part in...a novel that was written by many authors?”

“Yes.”

Kagurazaka-san told me about it a few days ago.

“So, you aren’t going to join, right?”

“...Yes. I didn’t even know about it before reading that magazine.”

Of course. Kagurazaka-san knew that you weren’t going to join, so she didn’t ask you. So why are you mad?

“So what then?”

Just after I asked, Muramasa-senpai muttered:

“.....I hate it.”

“What exactly do you hate?”

“Everything.”

“That doesn’t explain anything for me.

“Be more specific please.”

“I hate the fact that you’re joining this event. I don’t want you to join, even if that doesn’t concern me. I hate chain novels, I don’t want to join, I don’t want to see it exist!”

What kind of reason was that?

“I knew it, Masamune is the culprit.”

Elf looked like she understood.

“What do you mean, I knew it?”

“You are the only one who could make Hana-chan this angry.”

“No no, don’t call me Hana-chan!!”

Muramasa-senpai rejected immediately. Seemed like she was still mad.

“So, basically, it’s like this...” Elf said, while raising a finger:

“Muramasa didn’t send her manuscript is because she was mad with the editor department.”

“The reason is because Izumi Masamune is taking part in this chain novel event.”

“She was mad because she wasn’t invited to an event that her favorite author is taking part in.”

“Normally, Muramasa hated all kind of event.”

“So she doesn’t go to any.”

“Yes, it’s like that.”

“How unreasonable.”

Sagiri concluded in our place.

Muramasa-senpai blinked:

“Huh? What do you mean, unreasonable?”

“You are absolutely unbelievable.”

Turn out Kagurazaka-san didn’t do anything wrong.

Muramasa-senpai don’t want to come, but she was mad when she wasn’t invited. So what do you want then?

“And why do you hate chain novels?”

It’s fun! Everyone joining hands together!

Hearing that question, Muramasa-senpai’s brow knitted.

“A novel is something I write myself. If I join hands with someone else, it will become trash.”

“How could you be so sure?”

Senpai, why are you negative?

“Why should I join hands with someone who will drag me down? Compared to a chain novel, my novel is much better.”

You are so full of yourself.

I don't really agree, but her word was true.

"Listen, Masamune. The more people who write something, the more likely it will become trash. I'm sure of it. This is the simple truth."

"There must be an exception."

"No. For example, the manga of Sekaimo, if there is someone who can do things that the original author couldn't then it's a good thing."

It was true. It was thanks to Army-sensei and Eromanga-sensei's help that I could have valuable illustration.

But that meant Muramasa-senpai acknowledged Army-sensei. Even if they had argued in the past.

She continued, a hint of anger in her tone:

"But a chain novel is different, there is no exception. All of the participants are novelists, each of them have their own story that only they can tell. That's why nothing good can come out of the result. Someone will drag everyone down. They have to match with each other. Just a single person without enough motivation can ruin everything. You see, none of the chain novels become a hit."

"I don't agree with this opinion. Chain novels have some good story too. Maybe sometime a moment of brilliance can appear."

"seems like we can't reach an agreement. But I'm sure that I'm right."

"Then let's give it a try."

" – Huh?"

Seemed like she didn't expect my solution.

"You say a lot, but I bet you have never taken part in writing a chain novel before, have you?"

"No. So what of it?"

"Then let's give it a try. Only then you can see how fun writing a chain novel is."

"...With everyone here?"

Muramasa-senpai looked around. I nodded.

“Yes – what about you, Elf?”

“Sound good to me.”

“Eromanga-sensei, you take care of illustration.”

“.....If Izumi-sensei joins....then I will too...And I don't know anyone with that name!”

“Thank you both. How about now, Muramasa-senpai?”

“I will not change my mind....beside, I don't want to drag you down, Masamune.”

“Why so serious! Just do it for fun.”

“.....How....could you have so much fun writing...”

“Why not? We aren't going to write something to sell – just for fun.”

“...Then...I got it, I will try.”

Muramasa-senpai didn't look convinced, but she reluctantly agreed.

“Good ~! Now I feel fired up!”

“I don't care anyway! But don't you think that three people is a bit too small to play this game?”

“You are right.”

“We need at least four people.” Elf said while raising four fingers.

So —

While I was thinking, Muramasa-senpai said with some hesitation.

“Wait a sec. I will do it, but I don't want someone else to drag me down.”

“Really, Hana-chan, so you acknowledge that I will not drag you down huh?”

“No. You are annoying, but I will let it slide since you are a friend.”

“Oh, I see!”

So is their friendship good or bad?

“What now? It’s not easy to find a novelist that Hana-chan acknowledges...”

“Hm...Muramasa-senpai, you said that as long as it’s a friend, you don’t mind that person, right?”

“Yes.”

“I forbid you from calling Shidou.” Elf stopped me.

“Why?”

“He is not going to write anything for now.”

“Ah...”

She wasn’t wrong....

“So what now?”

“We already have someone. Someone more famous than anyone here, someone close to Muramasa, that person is right here.”

“Huh? Who – ah, you mean —“

Elf grinned then put her hand into a speaker, shouted:

“Papaaaaaaaaaaaa ~~~~~~ Come here for a moment ~~~~”

\*Clak clank \*

“What do you need?”

“Wow!!!”

He appeared near instantly!

“Did you hear what we said?”

“Yes, I was passing by.”

Liar! You must have been waiting behind that door! Look how fast you appear!

Rintarou-sensei said seriously:

“...In other words, you want me – Umenozo Rintarou – to take part in writing a chain novel with light novel authors like you, right?”

“Yes. The topic of our story is The meeting between a boy and a girl .”

“Elf raised her chest, speaking without fear. His pressure did nothing to faze her. But I doubt he would agree, though...”

However, he nodded.

“No problem.”

“Eh?”

“Really?”

“Pa, Papa!”

Did he hear Elf? The great novelist Umenozo Rintarou take part in writing chain novel with some kid, especially with topic The meeting between a boy and a girl .

Is this really happening?

Seeing how surprised we all are, he asked:

“Don’t you think I couldn’t write it?”

“...No...of course not...but your style is so different...”

Explain light novel would take too long, but in layman’s term his style with long, careful structural sentence don’t suit us. If he join us – then the end result would look very weird – something horrible would be born.

“So what? Nothing wrong with that, right? Or playing chain novel is not that simple?”

“.....”

He saw through me.

That’s right. Nothing wrong with that. It’s clear that the end result would be weird anyway.

But that’s okay,

That’s why I asked to write with Muramasa-senpai! Of course asking Umenozo Rintarou was too much...

Elf put a hand on my shoulder.

“Give it up Masamune. He said he wants to join.”

Why does she look so happy?

“Hahaha, writing with my daughter...wonderful.”

Oh fine. It's good anyway. While writing with her father made Muramasa-senpai uncomfortable, she didn't outright reject that idea.

We began to write our chain novel in the living room of the Umenozo household.

There was a tablet, chair, laptop ready, waiting for us. Wow...is this a tool from a great novelist? Will each of us take turns using it?

Muramasa-senpai's father was the first to sit down in front of the laptop.

“Me first. No one has any problem, right?” Elf said.

I don't think she will listen to anyone's opinion now. Here come trouble.

“...Eh...Elf...let him start...”

She put her hands on her hip, said:

“Let me write first!”

“Hm, is it a problem if I write first?”

“Position is important in this kinds of game. Even if our style wouldn't connect well, I can't let someone with the highest chance of ruining it go first.”

Do you have to say it out?

“.....Ruin....?”

See? Look how speechless he is!

Rintarou-sensei froze for a few seconds, then he blushed, coughed, said:

“Just now...does that mean...all of you think that I couldn't write literature for teenagers?”

“Yes!” \* 4

We all agree.

“.....”

He narrowed his eyes, angrily said:

“I, I can do it!”

“Really? Have you read any light novels recently?”

“Um...all I have to do is go online and check How to become a novelist! See, I have contributed a lot to this site!”

“You ...know how to go online?”

What the heck is he doing?

He opened the website and showed it to us. Muramasa-senpai coldly said:

“Since his novel was published, he turned into this...”

Ah...Papa only wanted to have something in common to talk about with his daughter...

“He is still full of life. Let me take a look.”

Elf interrupted and looked at the screen. She went immediately paled, said:

“Wow, what low rating. So in the current age, the fame of Umenozo Rintarou has already been forgotten?”

“No no! It was my first contribution, so there was a lot I didn’t get right! The next time is going to be okay.”

What a lame excuse. His image has collapsed in my eyes.

Rintarou-sensei kept holding on the laptop, said:

“Anyway, I will write first! I will be first! No one else will!”

“Well, he is Muramasa-chan’s father for sure.”

“Wh, what? I’m unlike that...! How....impolite!”

Nah, I agreed. You two are so alike. Especially how capricious you both are.

Senpai (still blushing) tried to calm down:

“...He is not going to change his mind in this case. Please let him go first.”

“...Sure.”

“Can’t be helped then.”

Both Elf and Sagiri agreed. I don't care anyway.

In the end – it's for fun. What I aimed for is “the process when everyone takes turns writing.”

“Okay, I will go first. The topic is The meeting between a boy and a girl , right?”

Maybe – he knew it too, and purposefully played the role of the clown.

“...Nii-san, I need to prepare illustration. Ask him how the character would be.”

“Sure.”

Sagiri is afraid of strangers, so she hid for a while. I asked him about the draft layout character —

The result was —

“Draft? What is that? Does it taste good?”

I took back what I said earlier. It's just the way he is.

Umenozo Rintarou sat down and immediately start typing. Totally different from the technology blind Muramasa-senpai.

Since she had nothing to do to kill time, Elf muttered:

“.....He uses a laptop...I thought he would be like novelists from the old time....”

“I don't think anyone still uses pen and paper to write, aside from Muramasa-senpai.”

“Don't say it like that, it's not like I can't use a laptop.”

Yeah, you can still read my web novel.

Rintarou-sensei suddenly said:

“Alright you guys – I'm uploading this story to the cloud server, you can use a tablet or smartphone to read it now.”

Rintarou-sensei is so good with technology!

On the other hand, Muramasa-senpai paused, puzzled:

“Cloud? Tablet? Masamune, what is father talking about?”

“Who is the teenager here?”

Rintarou-sensei wrote very fast, and since we read via cloud server, we don't have to wait too long.

“Good writing. It's literally a wall of text, but once I read it I can't stop.”

“Then why did his contribution rate so low?”

“Did he act stupid on that website?”

“He was a newbie online, but a bigshot in real life.”

“Hey, I heard you!”

Wow, good hearing.

“I told you, that was because I'm not used to that site yet! As long as I know how to make my paragraph easier to read, reordering my words to make it clearer, it's a piece of cake.”

He was very passionate. Seemed like his conviction is real.

“I have a plan already in place. Next time, I will be the victor.”

“What say you, web novel specialist Izumi-sensei?”

“That plan is far from enough. I don't think he will succeed next time.”

“Brat! You dare?”

“By the way, why did you try web novels when you were already a great novelist?”

Umenoz Rintarou just didn't suit this.

“Please be aware of your image. You are a real big shot.”

“That's what others expect out of me, why should I care?”

He kept typing, but he gave Muramasa-senpai a look.

“Novels are not something too special. As long as you enjoy reading, it's fine. I think it's the most memorable in entertainment. You only satisfy your own arrogant ego if you pursue it too hard, do you understand? Novelists are human

too, there is nothing special about us. Professional or amateur, masterpiece or crap is only separated by a thin line. As long as people enjoy it, those things are not important.”

Suddenly, he smiled gently with his daughter:

“So just write it with a clear mind. No need to give up eating and resting to write.”

“No wonder your story is boring.”

Muramasa-senpai’s voice was cold and harsh.

Their points of view were as different as chalk and cheese. Muramasa-senpai’s way was too harsh – but Rintarou-sensei is too lax – or was it something he learned after all those years?

He is a novelist, but the way he thinks about it – I felt that he doesn’t really care.

But...he truly cares about his daughter.

Seeing his daughter rejected his idea, he only laughed:

“As long as you can read a book that you like, I only hope that among those stories that you like, there is something that we can read together.”

A while later —

“It’s finished.”

The first chapter written by Umenozo Rintarou is done. We finished it in no time.

After reading it, here is our reaction:

“...Nii-san, what is this kanji? It’s so hard to read.”

“...See? Boring.”

Basically, Sagiri and Muramasa-senpai was against it. Well, the problem is...

Anyway, let’s start from the beginning.

The first chapter's story is like this —

It was about a story between a normal boy and an ill girl who was dreaming of becoming an artist.

They were close friends since childhood. Since the girl's body was weak, she rarely went outside and only has the boy as a friend. The setting is the Showa era (TL Note: From 12/25/1926 to 1/7/1989). The girl lived in an old house and wrote her story from there.

This – this feels so real.

The older the girl became, the more she wanted to go outside, the more it showed through her pen.

In the age without Internet, the only one who can read her story is her childhood friend.

The boy wasn't interested in art, but because of his love, he happily read her stories and talked about them with her, creating a bridge between them.

This continued until both of them reach adulthood.

The girl's passion grew even hotter, sometimes unnatural. The boy noticed, but was powerless to do anything. He knew that the girl's happiness lie in this life style.

The girl lived as happily as she could, while the boy was very worried, but kept trying to live nonetheless. Life continued.

Until the day the girl passed away, leaving behind her words.

— I haven't finish any picture. I'm not satisfied.

\*\*\*-kun. What can I do? I don't want to leave the drawing board.

Hearing the last word from his lover, the boy smiled and said:

— Then let me draw in your place.

And so, the boy was cursed.

He spent half of his life, trying to live a life that he hated. All because of a promise with the girl.

A very unhappy ending.

“What kind of ending is that?”

“Please, do you even know how to write chain novels?”

The ending was so depressing that all of us yelled. But Umenozo Rintarou-sensei ignored us all, and said:

“How is that? This should suit teenager’s tastes nowadays, right?”

“Yeah, the text is good.”

“But the story is not! The story!!”

“The female protagonist died already!”

“What can we do when the story ended with chapter one?”

Rintarou-sensei gave me the laptop.

“Izumi Masamune-sensei.”

“Yes?”

“Next, write whatever you like.”

“This....”

“Pushing the hard work to the next author is the fun part of writing a chain novel, right?”

“There should be a limit to it!”

He...I knew that he wasn’t naïve! I think he is doing this on purpose!

“If it’s Hana-chan’s beloved author Izumi Masamune-sensei, you should be able to fix it, right?”

“Are you kidding me?”

I don’t have anything with senpai...why did it feel like a father in law harrassing his son in law! Strange!

“Of course! Masamune surely can do it!”

“Muramasa-senpai, please don't answer in my place in this time and place!”

“Eh? But you can do it, right?”

“.....”

She trusted me completely! But...I can't!!

It'd be much better if I could say it out!

“Hoh ~ she is right, Masamune.”

“...Can you do it, Nii-san?”

“...Uggg...”

Both Sagiri and Elf pushed me.

I sighed —

“Alright! Whatever it takes!”

Let me write a happy ending for this story!

And so —

We added a house rule stated that the writer is allowed to pick the next one. As a second place, I sat on Rintarou-sensei's place totally fired up. Play it by ear is Izumi Masamune's specialty. I wrote a lot of stuff every day.

“Still, it's a hard topic....”

I said that, but my hand didn't stop typing. All of my content was uploaded to the cloud server as soon as possible.

“Masamune, how are you going to continue the story after this super depressing ending?”

Hearing Muramasa-senpai's question, I answered bluntly:

“I will fix it with my usual style!”

“Eh?”

“Usual style?”

Rintarou-sensei glanced at me, like he was asking “Let me see what you have”

I replied:

“Simply put – I will turn the female protagonist into a ghost then possess the male protagonist! Then she will have a fight for her love against the boy’s little sister!”

“You forcefully changed it into humour story?”

“And you made up another little sister?”

“A depress ending changed into a love comedy? Is this...okay?”

“It’s a chain novel. Of course it’s okay.” I said without any ounce of shame.

If I was an author from Fujimi Mystery Bunko, I could even do more. This was nothing.

“Alright – let’s see how I can pull this off! Make the setting a little less dark, add some comedy, some ecchi, Eromanga-sensei, it’s your turn.”

“Leave it to me.”

As soon as I mentioned ecchi illustration, she became interested.

“Haha, what about the beginning? How will you change the dark setting into something fun?”

“I have to thank you, Rintarou-sensei for making this setting up. I will use them all, no problem.”

For example, there is a manga about a girl who is anti social, who barely able to talk with other (TL Note: Probably a reference to the manga It’s not my fault that I’m not popular ) or a group of friendless students who hang out together in their own group (TL Note: A reference to the novel Boku wa Tomodachi ga Sukunai, which has a very cute little sister). I can use the most depressing setting to make a comedy without any problem.

So I don’t have to fear it. Everything will be fine, I’m a pro at writing comedy.

“Let’s see...the female protagonist possessed the male protagonist but couldn’t get out when they needed to take a bath...”

“Wait, why are you stripping them naked?”

“Special summon! A way to strip the ghost of the female protagonist!”

“You asked some one else?”

“When she was embarrassed, her clothes become transparence! Kang kang! Just like this!”

“Eromanga-sensei already finished an illustration! Good, I will use it right away.”

I kept writing. Muramasa-senpai muttered:

“...Is this gonna be okay?”

“No problem, it’s a chain novel after all.”

“Saying it now might be a bit late, but it looks like this story is ruined. The first chapter is so beautiful, but the second chapter is so silly.”

“Nah, we are having fun anyway.”

Compared to when I made my debut, I was much better already.

“Good ~ I only need to end this...hm.....how should I do this .....”

“So fast! Still typing while thinking! Disgusting!”

“Huh? You guys don’t do the same?”

“You are the only one still writing while having no idea what to write next. Are you going to leave the climax for the next person?”

“Don’t worry, I have an ending in mind.”

“Then let me see.”

“I want to see too.”

The famous author father and daughter came to me. During this time, Eromanga-sensei just kept drawing while humming a song happily.

I annouced to all of them:

“Both of the main characters marry, and have a child.”

“.....Perfect ending...but this is only chapter two.”

“Really, Izumi Masamune. Do you know how to play this game?”

I don't want to hear that from the person who threw me such hard topic.

"...Masamune...it's not a problem if you write this perfect ending...but what more can be developed? And how could the female protagonist – who is a ghost – have a kid? Don't you think that's strange?"

"Don't worry."

"Really? I got a bad feeling."

Seeing how worried Elf was, I slowly pushed the laptop to her:

"Yamada Elf-sensei will take care of it."

"I knew it!"

Pushing the difficult part to the next author is part of the fun of this game.

"Ahaha, Elf's expression was priceless."

"It was painful to watch her having a headache in front of the computer."

After I finished my part, Muramasa-senpai took me for a walk. She said she wanted to talk about something, so.... well, here I am.

"Just leave it to her, she will think of something...of course it will take time."

I rarely saw Elf work, but when she worked seriously, she became another person. Scary.

How scary, you asked? After finishing a page, she will open some mobile game and "reward herself" by buying something in-game.

Everytime she finished a page, she would buy something. Every. Single. Time. If she gets some SSR item, she will boast to everyone to see.

Of course that also meant she couldn't write very fast. This was her way of avoiding reality.

Besides, now wasn't the time to say "It's my turn to shine!" Her job is novelist, not some random Black Swordsman. (TL: i.e. Kirito)

"I wonder when can she finish."

"...Um."

Eromanga-sensei was the same, she was all focus on drawing now. So I'm so free that Muramasa-senpai take me outside.

"Senpai, where are we going?"

"...Well..."

Muramasa-senpai didn't reply. She looked like she was trying to say something, but couldn't. It took her a while before she finally managed to talk.

".....My room."

Muramasa-senpai's room is a small, normal room. I entered and took a look around.

It was almost empty, only having a bed and table. This was the first time I saw a novelist's room without a bookshelf.

I couldn't find any good book – She once told me that.

There were many notebook on the table, the kind that elementary school student used. They stacked into a tall tower. Next to them were many hanging hook, which held illustrations, handbook, short stories, etc....

Izumi Masamune's story was carefully arranged neatly on the table.

She didn't have a computer or bookshelf, but this room clearly was a novelist's room.

"So....this is Muramasa-senpai's room."

"...Yes....but...while it's your first time in here....you have already seen everything."

"By chance! I only saw this room by chance! Everything was a coincidence! I didn't have a clear look."

Because I was so focused on the girl who was changing – of course I couldn't say that out loud.

"How should I put it....this room seemed like you."

"I don't know whether I should be happy or sad hearing that. Please use the cushion over there to sit down."

“Sure.”

We sat down in front of each other.

“.....”

“.....”

Somehow, both of us didn't say anything.

Why am I so nervous – this is not my first time meeting a beautiful girl, like Elf or Sagiri. It's strange.

“Sen, senpai, why don't you say something?”

Please say something, I can't bear it anymore!

“Did you call me here without a reason...”

Muramasa-senpai shook her head.

“.....I'm so nervous that I forgot what I was about to tell you.”

I almost fall face first when she said that.

“...Because...because....I can't help it! This is the first time...aside from family...that I let a boy into my room!”

“Ah, I see.”

Well, now I felt a little nervous too.

“What about your friends at school?”

“I've never brought anyone home. Father is very famous, so people did ask to come, but I rejected them all.”

“Why?”

“.....Because I'm not good at dealing with people.”

It sounded sad. It seemed I asked a wrong question.

Of course, that fact should be obvious. If she acted this way at school then she wouldn't make any friends.

“I....” Still squatted down, she lowered her head. “I thought that...I couldn't make any friends.”

“What do you mean?”

“...When...when I was chatting with my classmates...I didn't exactly enjoy it.”

Her voice didn't sound happy. Rather, it was full of guilt.

“When people were laughing, I couldn't. I wondered if the topic they just spoke of was that funny? Even television programs or music....no matter how much I wanted to get close to them...I couldn't smile. Everytime I forced myself to smile, I only felt worse.”

“Ah —“

I can actually understand that...but I couldn't tell her.

That was something I felt too.

Because of my job, because of my little sister – sometimes, I felt that I couldn't understand my own classmates. Of course, it caused me to be unable to hold a conversation with them – creating a damn cycle.”

But in the end, we were classmates. We had to see each other every day. Those times were very hard for me.

Thankfully, they all understood what happened to my family. Thankfully, I have such understanding friends like Tomoe, who allowed me to make it through.

“What people find funny, I don't find it funny. When I tried to find something fun, people don't enjoy it...The more I tried to explain, the worse the atmosphere became. I think they wanted to say This topic is boring, let's talk about something else. I...after a few times, I gave up.”

“I think what you consider fun is different from most people, and your hobby is...”

That was the reason she could write those personality-filled stories.

But she liked my stories, to say it sound bad. Does that mean only weirdos can like my stories?

And the topic that “people found boring” was probably my stories. No, thinking about it hurt so much.

I was deeply hurt, but still answered:

“Senpai, you are making it too serious. I think those classmates of yours might think that topic is boring while talking happily.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. But they still smile despite how boring it was – because they are friends.”

Whatever topic is fine, the main thing is everyone talking about random stuff. Who would want to hear about something that nerve-wrecking. Any random things is fine.

Also, by talking about random things, any listener can join in without worry. It's so simple, why can't senpai do it?

“Anyway, senpai. Nine times out of ten, Elf's stories are boring, right.”

“Yes! She kept talking without pause, either about random stuff or something I couldn't make head or tail of. How about doing your job and playing, how about her sales, I think all of them are meaningless!”

I knew it!

“But....I don't hate talking with her about that.”

“.....”

Muramasa-senpai's face instantly reddened. Then she whispered:

“.....Me too.”

It's great that she could hold a conversation with others now.

“Beside...ah...maybe your classmates find your topic boring...but I...I enjoy talking with you.”

“Eh?”

“Senpai likes Izumi Masamune's story. I like Senjyu Muramasa's story. We have many things to talk about. I like this topic. I can talk about it all day!”

“.....Yes...yes.....That's right!”

She nodded several times, then suddenly hugged me

“Wait wait, sen, senpai —-“

“I like you! I like you the most!!”

This charming smile instantly pushed me to fall backward.

“You really are my fate! My dream prince on a white horse!”

“——!——-!!!”

Breast! Her breast...! So soft — no, no, I meant I’m....suffocating!

“Pheww!!!”

I gathered all of my remaining strength and pushed her breast away, finally took a deep breath.

“Sen, senpai....calm....calm down please!”

“Ah....”

She finally returned to her normal self. She was literally on top of me, her face deep red.

“ ~~~~~ UUUUUU....I....can’t stop myself.....”

“It’s okay! No problem!”

Crap, so dangerous!

Elf was thinking about my feeling before attacking. Muramasa-senpai didn’t, she wanted, and she did it anyway.

I could feel my face was getting hotter and hotter.

“.....Well.....Senpai.....how about.....you.....get up?”

Please, please! Hurry, before it’s too late!! My will power is at its limit!

“.....I....my whole body couldn’t move....”

Same here! I didn’t know that when a beautiful girl pushed me down, my body will become powerless.

“.....Uuuuu.”

Her face right in front of me. Her moist eyes, her reddened cheek. Her breast slightly hidden behind the kimono.

“..... Masamune.” She whispered into my ears with a sweet tone.

“....Ugh..”

My head was chaos. I couldn't think of anything. My body felt powerless, I couldn't do anything.

“.....”

“.....”

We looked at each other for a long time.

“..... Masamune.....I ...noticed something....” She said, looking directly into my eyes.

“~~~~~”

My final act of defense was closing my eyes, prepare for the inevitable —

“It's strange! Normally, in a story, our position should be reversed!”

And that was how she cleared the atmosphere.

Well....she wasn't wrong.

We stood up and hurried back to our previous position.

“.....”

“.....”

Another moment of silence.

“About... Masamune...I asked you to come here because of something...” She looked up at me, said.

“Yes, what is it?”

“.....Um....well.....”

She hesitated for a moment, then suddenly she took a pen nearby and began to write.

“Please wait a second.”

“\_\_\_”

Just looking at her back was enough to charm me.

She wrote with a serious expression, and —



“Here —“

With her eyes closed, Muramasa-senpai gave me her letter.

“I...I’m bad at talking...so I couldn’t tell you directly.”

With reddened cheeks, her face looked like she was about to cry.

“...Please read it instead.”

“Sure....”

I took the letter from Muramasa-senpai. What beautiful hand writing, let’s see what she wrote here.

To Masamune.

A lot happened today.

First, you looked into my room. Please forget it immediately

“...Well, okay.”

But it was deeply carved into my mind, I couldn’t exactly forget.

Next, you came to my house.

My father was very happy to meet my friend. It has been a long time since I last saw him like that.

“Really? Your father looked very angry to me.”

“No, he was happy. He paid you a lot of attention.”

“I think he was testing me....”

This is the first time that friends came to my home. I don’t know what to do, and I think I made a mistake or two. But since you are already here, and I made you worry. Sorry.

“You are welcome.”

It’s embarrassing to read this letter in front of the writer.

“Um....”

I think she felt the same.

I turned to the next page.

Third...and the most surprising today...is that I write a chain novel. I never thought that I would do that someday.

But I fear that the story is not going to be very good.

“The first one to write is your father. Sorry.”

But now, I think it’s “interesting”.

To have friends coming to play during weekend, everyone write a story together, chatting about random things...

Normally, I would never have this feeling. I felt both happy and angry.

What would Elf’s story be?

What ending would I write for it?

Why did I think this way?

Now, I can finally smile.

Because it’s fun. Because it’s happy. I want to smile.

It felt strange. But I don’t hate it.

This must be what you were trying to show me, right?

“..Yes, that’s right.”

If the reader think it’s “interesting” then even if the story is messed up, even if the details are ridiculous, as long as people find it “interesting”, it is okay.

Writing chain novels allowed both the writer and the reader to have fun. That was what I believed in.

“...You are always like that.”

You show me a “very interesting book” in the world.

You fought tooth and nails against someone as self-center as me, then you won.

You accepted my feeling, and sincerely faced it.

When I couldn’t write anymore, you showed me a new way.

If you didn't force me to write a chain novel, I would never have understood how "interesting" it is. You...always think for me.

"Masamune, thank you."

"It, it's nothing...I didn't do much."

It's great for us to meet.

It's great for us to become friends.

Today we had fun, that's enough. I'm the one who should thank you.

"Senpai."

"Um!"

Muramasa-senpai looked up. I purposely laughed evilly.

"Say it yourself."

"I, I asked you because I couldn't! Elf always butts heads with me, and Sagiri is a sexual harasser! I'm not going to say it to them...."

"Just say it directly."

"No no, I can't. It's embarrassing!"

"No matter how clumsy you said it, it's better if you say it yourself."

That's why I was moved by your confession!

"Uuuuuuuu ~~"

Muramasa-senpai groaned. I pat her shoulder:

"Alright, senpai, let's head back. It's about time Elf finished avoiding reality (playing game). Maybe she is already done."

"...I'm the last one huh. I fear that she will give me an insanely hard ending."

"It's fine."

"Ah —"

Our conversation was very normal, without anything special, but she smiled.

"That's right."

We returned to the living room.

When we get back, Yamada Elf-sensei had finished.

“...I could never imagine that you could continue after giving birth to a kid this way.”

Muramasa-senpai’s father – Umenozo Rintarou-sensei was impressed. I don’t know if he really meant it or not, but Yamada Elf-sensei was clearly enjoying it.

“I have come too far to give up! Ahahaha, that’s right, that’s something only the heaven-born Yamada Elf could do!”

“No one is praising you, we are surprised because you just ignored too much difficulty in the setting. You don’t add anything new, but you changed the main character in chapter one into a supporting character, idiot.” Muramasa-senpai said.

“This is a love comedy, anything is fine! Beside, I added the new details when the boy and the girl suddenly meet “

“...Well, the third chapter looked good for me. But it’s gonna be even more difficult, considering both of them are already lovers. What next?”

“Masamune, you are the only one who have no right to say it!”

“Elf-chan added too many characters — too many! Drawing them all is so hard!”

“Do your best! Eromanga-sensei can do it!”

“I don’t know anyone with this name!”

“So, Yamada Elf-sensei, how could I fix this messed up story with my final chapter?”

“Don’t worry....”

“Senjyu Muramasa-sensei will do it.”

“I knew you would said that!” We all said in unison.

“.....”

Muramasa-senpai put a hand on her chest, closed her eyes for a moment before nodded slowly.

“Okay, I will think of a way.”

“So confident, huh.”

“What would the story be, Muramasa-chan?”

“Probably a burning romantic story.”

“Wait senpai. They are already lovers, what else can you possibly added?”

“I have wrote about the underdog turning the tables a few times before. My character will keep her head high and keep going! As the writer, I hope I could do the same!”

Her words sounded like it wasn't limited to this game?

“Masamune, I...I don't know much about love. I don't know to read the atmosphere, I do everything without thinking. I'm stupid, I only know how to express my feelings the most basic way! So after our first meeting, I knew that I made a mistake, I knew that I spoke too much, I could only hope that I wouldn't make that mistake again.”

Suddenly, she smiled.

“...But that's not a reason to give up. That's not a reason to surrender without a fight.”

She raised her chest, annouced:

“I will use my pen to give this story a perfect ending.”

“Only then...you can like me a bit, right?”

On the way back home from the Umenozo's household, I got a call from Kagurazaka-san.

“Izumi-sensei ~~ have you got the manuscript from Muramasa-sensei for me?”

“Ah, sorry, I forgot.”

“Hah? What have you done?”

“Sorry, too much happened. But it should be fine now. I, Yamada Elf-sensei, Umenozo Rintarou-sensei write a chain novel....”

“Wait! Yamada Elf-sensei, Umenozo Rintarou-sensei and Senjyu Muramasa-sensei write a chain novel?”

“Izumi Masamune-sensei wrote it too!”

“Nah, you aren’t important.”

So honest.

“You worried me too much! I thought something big happened.”

“It should be fine. Muramasa-senpai’s mood improved a lot. She will write soon –“

“—I have to read that chain novel written by a group of weirdos!”

“Huh?”

“I’m on my way. Just wait. Bye!”

\*Click\*

I think she would only meet with rejection.

# Epilogue

I, Izumi Masamune is not someone who worry too much.

You might said that I'm an idiot or an optimistic, but no – both are wrong.

It's not like I did a lot of amazing thing and don't care about those little details anymore. It's just that after meeting something bad, I had a habit of stop thinking about it after some time has passed.

Don't care about the pass and focused on what is right in front of me ... I have that habit,

When my father passed away, I was still a kid. There were many things that I had no choice but to practice. Maybe because I had to interact with adults too soon that I turned out this way.

Anyway, I don't care if you called it good or bad, but I'm a realistic.

I could easily give up on things that I deemed impossible, like a kid who was trying to be an adult.

Those girls around me actually criticized me, calling me “a light novel protagonist”. But I myself don't think I have any quality to be a protagonist.

I'm not a hot-blood, nor am I an optimistic. I'm not even a normal high school student.

Really, I'm at the middle of everything.

“Umm.....”

Today, I had a rare problem. I was hiding inside my room, troubled.

It's now July. Outside of the windows, the rain had stopped, the sky was clear. It was a good chance to clear my mind.

— *I like you.*

— *Masamune, I like you the most.*

— *I refuse.*

— *Because I already have someone I like*

Those words kept repeating themselves inside my head.

“Ughh.....”

I have someone I like.

I was rejected, but my feelings didn't change. It was still here.

That's why I didn't go out with anyone. Even if I will never get a chance for such a cute girl to like me again.

But my answer will not change.

“Still —“

— *I have someone I like.*

People said that “love confession” is the climax of a story, is the turning point where victory and defeat was decided.

I thought it was true too. But no, reality wasn't like that.

That was a lesson Elf and Muramasa-senpai taught me.

Confess your love then goes out with them or get rejected —

“...But this is not the end.”

Even if the dream comes true and love blooms or the dream shatters and gets rejected, life continues.

As long as you are alive, then life will continue no matter what. Happy and sadness. Laughing and crying. Meeting and separating. All will continue.

Even if life was full of irreversible things.

“But even if they want to try again....it's fine.”

In the past, I'd have never thought of it this way.

— *Before the Izumi's sibling's dream came true, I will become victorious*

— *This is not a reason for not challenging.*

They confessed and lost. Just like me, they were rejected.

But they will do it again.

They will keep saying that they like me.

One still thinks that she can win. Still trying her best to find a way to victory.

One announced fiercely, saying that a weak opponent is too boring.

Both of them showed their courage —

“And me?”

When I was rejected by the one I like —

I think this is enough.

Because we are siblings.

I decided to be just her family — I think it's enough.

“What a big lie.”

My chest hurt is the evidence.

I want family. I want Sagiri to be my family. I don't want to be alone again — what I said earlier wasn't a lie.

But that didn't mean I'm happy with just that.

I wasn't satisfied with my choice.

I don't have the courage of Elf or Muramasa-senpai, I just use a convenience lie.

That was what I finally realized:

“Good.”

I have to act.

I went to *the locked room* in the second floor, knocked on its door.

\*Knock. Knock\*

How many times I have done this after meeting with Sagiri again?

In the past, nothing happened no matter how hard I tried. But now...

“Nii-san, what is it?”

She will answer me. This simple fact made me happy.

I told Sagiri:

“Well, Sagiri. A year ago....you said...you have someone you like, haven't you?”

“Yes.”

The sudden topic made Sagiri puzzled.

“...What kind of person is he? Do I know him?”

“...Why...?”

“Huh?”

“...Why....are you.....asking me this now.....?”

“Because an elder brother is the little sister's — no, that isn't right.”

Asking her this way won't work. I coughed, tried to hide my embarrassment.

“Of course I would like to know about him. Since I like you.”

“...Ah...um...”

Sagiri looked down, blushed in embarrassment.

“Wh, what are you talking about!?”

“I got a change of heart, so I will not lying anymore.”

I put my hand on my chest. My heart was beating like it was about to burst.

“Sagiri.”

“...Yes?” She answered, a bit nervous.

“It will take a lot of time...but after *our dream* become true, I have something to tell you — that's all for now. Sorry for worry you.”

“.....Sure.”

She looked up at me, eyes filled with excitement.

Just seeing her face made me want to spoil her even more. I don't want to

give her to anyone

I wasn't lying when I said I wanted to become a normal pair of sibling with Saigir.

Deep down, it's true that I wanted family.

It wasn't a lie, but there was more. There was a relationship I wanted even more.

Elf already told me more than once that I only want small thing. To me, fixing all of my trouble mean happiness.

After my dream come true, I wanted to tell this to *the person I like*. I need to try harder, so she can accept me.

"...Wait, Nii-san."

Before I could left, she called me. I turned back and saw that she was looking at me through the gap in the door.

"!...!...."

"Yes?"

"!...the one I like...."

"\_\_\_\_\_"

I stared at her, waiting for the next word.

"When *our dream* come true.....I will introduce him to you."

"!...I see."

That's why I have to try even harder.

I have decided. Even if I'm the underdog, that didn't mean I could gave up on challenging.

Someone couldn't say his true feeling out have no right to be a winner in love.

"Sagiri."

"Y, yes?"

"I will win against that guy."

Still —

I thought that *our dream* would only be true in the far future.

But just a few days later and the publishing company already called me. The meeting room is the highest floor, where normal meeting would never be held.

“They asked me to come here....why?”

I didn’t have any idea. Today is Saturday, so I didn’t meet anyone on the way here. I walked to the end of the corridor and stopped at the hall’s entrance. This was the right place.

...There were people inside already. That must be Kagurazaka-san...right?

“It’s Izumi.”

I knocked on the door. Someone answered:

“Please enter, Izumi-sensei.”

“Sure.”

I turned the door knob.

“ —Eh?”

There was a long, white table inside. There were someone else nearby, not just Kagurazaka-san. They all looked at me carefully.

“Ka, Kagurazaka-san...this is?”

I was frozen on the spot. I did asked my editor, but she just sat immobile and looked at me in silence.

A woman with round glasses in front me smiled and answered in Kagurazaka-san’s place. She looked even younger than me. Among those adults here, she alone had an unique light.

“Please to meet you, Izumi Masamune-sensei.”

“Congraturation, your novel **The cutest little sister in the world** will be made into anime.”

*“After our story is made into anime.”*

*“I will bring my little sister to the living room and watched it together with her.”*

I will fulfilled this dream.

And after that —

I will ask *the one I like* for marriage.

# Afterword

I'm Fushimi Tsukasa. Thank you everyone for buying Eromanga-sensei volume 6. I have a good new, which is this story is going to be adapted into anime.

It's just a coincidence that Masamune's novel was made into anime too.

I will do my best, so I won't lose to my own character.

As before, this time I will take part in making the anime too.

I want to make an anime that reader who read the light novel will be satisfied.

An anime that no matter how much I watch, I will find it interesting.

An anime can show the cutest of Sagiri and other female characters.

It's all thank for your support that I have come this far.

As the original author, I will do my best. Please look forward to it.

2016, January. Fushimi Tsukasa.